

The Australian

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NOVEMBER 5, 1952

Incorporating the
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



Royal visitors in Singapore

"In-between" health can often mean

"HIDDEN HUNGER"



Not really ill, but seldom fully well... seldom looking your best... or feeling your best.



This usually means that you should give your body the essential nutritional elements it needs to guard against "Hidden Hunger"

To make sure you get the essential nutrients your body needs, you should drink Horlicks regularly.

Doctors and Nutrition Experts agree that "Hidden Hunger" is far more common than most people realise. They say you can satisfy your hunger by having three meals every day — and still not satisfy your body's needs. When we eat the wrong kind of foods, or not enough of the right kind, then we suffer from "Hidden Hunger"... our body is still hungry for certain essential food elements.

Horlicks supplies balanced nutrition... made with milk, it guards against "HIDDEN HUNGER"



You must have nourishing food to guard against "Hidden Hunger." However, with to-day's rising costs, it is not always possible to have the RIGHT kind of foods your body needs. That is why Horlicks is so necessary in your home — for all your family. Horlicks contains full-cream milk and the

nutritive extracts of wheat-flour and malted barley. Prepared with milk and enjoyed between meals and just before bed at night, Horlicks is a balanced food which supplies the essential nutritional elements your body needs every day to guard against "Hidden Hunger."



Made with milk
HORLICKS
guards against
"HIDDEN HUNGER"
(Courtesy)

P.S. — Hot Horlicks before bed induces deep, restful sleep.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

November 5, 1952

168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, Box 4098WW, G.P.O.

Vol. 20, No. 23

SO LONG, THE "LITTLE DIGGER"

TO young Australians the late William Morris Hughes was a quaint little man who always stood on the corner of Martin Place, Sydney, on Anzac Day.

The older soldiers as they marched by would turn and smile or nod to the "Little Digger" and young people in the crowd didn't quite know why.

He wore a Homburg hat balanced on his ear and had a remarkable hearing-aid, which he turned on when he wanted to hear something and off when he didn't.

But to older generations Billy Hughes meant a good deal more.

There hasn't been a good political scrap or a great national achievement in the past 60 years that he didn't take part in. He played a big part in the growth of the trade union movement and the Labor Party, and the establishment of the Commonwealth.

He was Prime Minister in the First World War and held the portfolio of Minister of the Navy in the early stages of the Second.

His 58 years in Parliament, State and Federal, was a world record.

One of the hardest things in life is to outlive your generation — to see your friends pass one by one and be left alone in a world governed by a new generation with new ideas and new ways.

But that never happened to William Morris Hughes.

He kept pace with the changes. Often it seemed to his political opponents he raced ahead of the times.

In Cabinets, by camp-fires and in cottages Billy Hughes will be remembered.

Our cover:

● Our cover this week shows the Duchess of Kent with her son, who is accompanying her on her tour of the Near North, at the Government House Ball in Singapore last month. The Governor of Singapore, Mr. John Fearn Nicoll, is on the stairs at the right.

This week:

● Cabling from England, Anne Matheson gives details on page 5 of the lavish programme which has been arranged by our London office for the winner of our Coronation Contest and his or her companion. Our guests will have entree to many places and events that would be denied the ordinary traveller; the whole thing reads like something from a fairy-tale.

Next week:

● Two of America's top tennis players, "Little Mo" Connolly and Julie Sampson, are due to arrive in Australia on November 8 to compete in the national championships. These two youngsters ("Little Mo" is 17, Julie is 18) are quite unspoiled by their success. Jean Sedgman, wife of Australia's ace player Frank Sedgman, who got to know them well during her recent tour abroad, told us that they had astonishing poise, without being at all conceited. We asked Jean to write her impressions of the Touring Tennis Teenagers, which we will publish next week, along with some striking color pictures of them both.

● Talking of teenagers, we have a section devoted to them next week. There are lots of girls who will be leaving school this year and who soon will be looking for jobs. In our special section, beauty expert Carolyn Earle, in stressing the need to be trim, neat, and attractive when going out into the world of business, gives some sensible advice on skin care, make-up, exercise, diet, and hair grooming. Both Betty Keep and Rene have angled their fashion features on teenage clothes styles. In Kay Melaun's "Youth Sums Up" column, the problem of how to overcome shyness is discussed.

Short stories from foremost American writer

Book review by
AINSLIE BAKER

"THE Ballad of the Sad Cafe" is a book that will be welcomed on the library shelves of serious readers of contemporary literature.

In presenting within one cover a substantial collection of Carson McCullers' short novels and stories, as well as the new title-piece, the publishers have performed a service for which many readers will be grateful.

They have performed a further service in producing a publication which is not exorbitantly priced.

Miss McCullers, an American in her early thirties, has already achieved an imposing reputation. She has been spoken of as the best living American writer with the added sensitivity of the European masters.

Edith Sitwell has said of her: "Carson McCullers has a great poet's eye and mind and senses together with a great prose writer's sense of construction and character."

"She is a transcendental writer."

Miss McCullers' intense driving style manages to be highly personal without being mannered.

So far, the author has given her stories a Southern U.S. smalltown background. The exception is "Reflections in a Golden Eye," which is set in a wartime army camp in an unnamed Southern State.

Quote:
"In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears."
—W. B. Yeats

The "sad cafe" is a tumble-down weather-board building in a remote mill community. Until the arrival of a gregarious hunchback claiming cousinship to its owner, Miss Emily, it was a general store—specialising in the sale of moonshine liquor made by the proprietor at a still in the swamps.

The spiteful little hunchback slowly gains ascendancy over the strapping, trousered Miss Emily, and for his pleasure the cafe comes into being.

To keep his favor, she gives him, one by one, all her possessions. At last she loses the hunchback, too, for with the return from gaol of her hated husband the hunchback's fickle loyalties are switched to the newcomer.

The bare-fist fight between the gawky, ridiculed woman and her sneering, handsome husband, and the cafe's final defacement by victor and hunchback are told with disciplined mastery.

This is a grotesque and pitiful story, with all the elements of tragedy.

Included in the present collection are the previously published short novel "Reflections in a Golden Eye" and that magnificent study of adolescence "The Member of the Wedding."

Published by Cresset Press, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

Did you
PROTEX
yourself
this morning?



I did: PROTEX is my favourite deodorant complexion soap —



I did: PROTEX gives me lots of lather and a bushland tang



I did: Mummy said I should!

Protex is the family favourite because it's a fresh, clear deodorant complexion soap, medicated to guard against infection, yet gentle enough for a baby's delicate skin.



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They come up smiling at 'whistle stops'



SHE LIKES IKE. Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower with her husband, the Republican nominee for the Presidency of the United States. Mrs. Eisenhower has accompanied her husband on all his major trips addressing electors. She is noted for her smart appearance and gracious manner at all times.



DEMOCRATS' CHOICE. Governor Adlai Stevenson, Governor of Illinois, is the Democratic Party's choice for President in the forthcoming presidential elections, which will take place on November 4, the culmination of months of campaigning throughout the United States.

Candidates for First Lady of U.S. undaunted by election campaign

As the pace increases towards the end of the U.S. presidential campaign, General Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson are both showing signs of fatigue.

THEIR voices have noticeably hoarsened and their eyes are puffy from lack of sleep.

But neither Mrs. Eisenhower, who has accompanied the General on all his major trips, nor Mrs. Buffie Ives, who has accompanied her brother, Governor Stevenson, on some of his campaign trips, seems to show fatigue at all.

Mrs. Eisenhower told the Press recently that she turned on hard work and lack of sleep. She is by the General's side for all his major speeches and she is constantly shown in pictures smiling charmingly at the hundreds of people who wish to shake her husband's hand wherever he goes.

U.S. elections are all-out affairs. For days at a time the candidates are aboard their special trains complete with offices, sleeping cars, restaurants, reporters, and numerous personal staff.

They travel through whole blocks of States with a total population three or four times bigger than Australia's.

At each stopping place, many of them "whistle stops" or mere wayside goods stations, the candidate is expected to emerge freshly laundered, a beaming smile on his face, to shake the hands of local dignitaries, hand children autographs, and then give a rousing speech.

If Governor Stevenson wins

the election on November 4, America's first lady will be Mrs. Ernest Ives, his sister.

Known as Buffie to her friends, Mrs. Ives is 55, three years older than her politically aspiring brother. She would take over most of Stevenson's social duties, because Stevenson was divorced from his wife in 1949 after 20 years of marriage.

In the past, divorce has been held to be an insuperable barrier along the rocky path to the White House.

However, Americans freely admit that no breath of scandal has ever touched Adlai or his former wife, the beautiful Ellen Borden Stevenson, who comes from one of the country's wealthiest families.

Mrs. Stevenson claimed divorce because, she said, politics and the arduous duties of the governorship of Illinois claimed so much of her husband's time that she seldom saw him.

Although Mrs. Stevenson is a Republican and has stated publicly that she would vote for Eisenhower, she was the first to congratulate her former husband on his nomination for the presidency.

Adlai Stevenson and his sister come of wealthy parents and both conform to the American notion of aristocracy.

Both went to expensive private schools in Switzerland and in the U.S. Later Adlai went to Harvard and Buffie to

one of the finest American girls' colleges, Bryn Mawr.

Buffie Ives' fame as a woman of charm, tact, and ready good humor has become a legend in the State of Illinois, where she has been official hostess at the Governor's residence since 1949.

Buffie is married to a retired U.S. diplomat. They live with Governor Stevenson during the summer and spend the winter on a 110-acre farm in North Carolina, where they have renovated an old log cabin and furnished it with rare and valuable antiques.

Grows tobacco

MR IVES is an amateur farmer who has achieved fame in his own right as a successful hybridiser of wild raspberries, dewberries, cotton, and tobacco since retirement from the Diplomatic Corps.

On the farm, Mrs. Ives' favorite interest is the cultivation of blended Turkish tobacco.

The Ives' only son, 23-year-old Timothy, is a handsome Air Corps pilot, the lifelong playmate of Adlai's three sons, Adlai, jun., Borden, and John Fell.

The Stevenson boys have the almost classic good looks of the young American man as he is generally represented on the covers of popular U.S. magazines.

They are likely to make the

White House a gay place next year if their father is elected.

If Eisenhower wins the election, his attractive wife, the former Maimie Geneva Doud, daughter of a wealthy American meat-packing family, will be the White House hostess.

The Eisenhowers have had two children. One son died in infancy, and the other, John Sheldon Doud Eisenhower, now 29, is a major in the U.S. Army and is now seeing service in Korea.

Maimie has a lively personality and at 55 is slim and youthful-looking.

The Eisenhowers have three grandchildren, Dwight David, Susan Elaine, and Barbara Anne. The children call their grandmother Mimi.

Maimie has become adept at feeling at home wherever her husband's career has taken him.

The Eisenhowers also have a house in New York and own a 189-acre farm near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Since President Truman's inauguration in 1945 on the death of his former chief, Franklin Roosevelt, Mrs. Truman has discouraged all White House functions not rendered absolutely essential by protocol.

Washington socially has been dull for the past seven years, and Washington society, nostalgically remembering the gay times of the Roosevelt era, sees in either Mrs. Ives or Mrs. Eisenhower a gracious White House hostess who will once again make the nation's capital the nation's social Mecca.



GOVERNOR'S SISTER. Mrs. Ernest (Buffie) Ives, who will be America's first lady presiding over the White House if her brother, Governor Adlai Stevenson, photographed with her, is elected President. Governor Stevenson is divorced.

HOSPITAL CHARGES

PUBLIC WARD PATIENTS £8/8/- per week
 INTERMEDIATE PATIENTS .. £12/12/- per week
 PRIVATE PATIENTS FROM .. £16/16/- per week

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T A B L E	WEEKLY CONTRIBUTION	BENEFITS
	2/-	£8'8/- per week
	Only people under 65 are eligible to join or transfer to this table. However, contributors may continue irrespective of age. Concession rate—for single males under 23, single women and widows without dependants—is only 1/- weekly.	PLUS £1/8/- additional Commonwealth benefit paid by the Fund together with £2/16/- Commonwealth benefit paid to the Hospital. Total weekly benefits—£12/12/-.
	1/-	£4'4/- per week
T A B L E	WEEKLY CONTRIBUTION	BENEFITS
	1/-	£4'4/- per week
	For people of any age, covering contributor, wife and children under 17 or single man and widowed mother. Concession rate (see Table BB) is 6d. weekly.	PLUS £1/8/- additional Commonwealth benefit paid by the Fund. Also £2/16/- Commonwealth benefit paid to the Hospital. Total weekly benefits—£8/8/-.
	6d.	£2'2/- per week
T A B L E	WEEKLY CONTRIBUTION	BENEFITS
	6d.	£2'2/- per week
	For people of any age, covering contributor, wife and children under 17 or single man and widowed mother. Concession rate (see Table BB) is 3d. weekly.	PLUS £1/8/- additional Commonwealth benefit paid by the Fund. Also £2/16/- Commonwealth benefit paid to the Hospital. Total benefits—£6/6/- weekly.
	A	

Rebates on yearly and half-yearly contributions paid in advance

You would scarcely miss a shilling a week—it's less than the price of a packet of cigarettes. Yet, if you, your wife or your children under 17 become ill, that weekly shilling will provide full payment for treatment in a public ward. That means your humble shilling a week has saved you pounds. Everyone . . . and especially family men . . . should join the Hospitals Contribution Fund—the Public Hospitals' Own Fund. The H.C.F. is non-profit making. That is why it offers the widest benefits for the lowest contributions. See your H.C.F. Local Agent, generally the Chemist, your Paymaster at work or fill in and post the coupon below for full particulars and conditions of membership.

**THE HOSPITALS
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 7 Hamilton St., Sydney
 (Established 1932)

The Hospitals Contribution Fund of N.S.W.,
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Please send me full information as to how to join the Hospitals Contribution Fund.

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HCF/WWI

It pays to
 contribute
 to the
 H.C.F.

**JOIN
 NOW**

CORONATION CONTEST



SECOND PRIZE in our Coronation Contest is a 1952 Ford Consul six-seater sedan finished in sky-blue baked enamel and upholstered in a cherry-red leather. A radio, with extension speaker in rear seat, vanity mirrors in front seat, chrome wheel-trim rims, and rear vision mirrors on front wings will be specially fitted. The car will be registered ready to take the road.



THIRD PRIZE, President Model 88 Californian-cream refrigerator. It has new recessed interior lighting, full fingertip thermostat control, and is guaranteed for five years.

New family competition has magnificent list of prizes

The Australian Women's Weekly Coronation Contest, which was launched last week, has aroused great interest throughout Australia. The winner will go to London for the crowning of the Queen and may select a travelling companion.

Full details of the programme planned for the fortnight's stay in England are given in Anne Matheson's cable on the opposite page.

A FOURTH prize of a Hoover washing machine valued at £53/5/-, an electric polisher with scrubbing brushes valued at £32/8/-, and an upright vacuum cleaner valued at £42/3/- has now been added to the list of awards.

As well as the trip around the world with a companion, the first prize winner will receive a specially designed travelling ensemble and an elegant afternoon dress from the exclusive Sydney salon of Madame Pellier and a complete nylon lingerie outfit and fashion goods by Prestige.

Second prize is a specially fitted 1952 six-seater Ford Consul sedan car, finished in sky-blue baked enamel.

Third prize is a President Model 88 refrigerator, guaranteed for five years.

This handsome family-size refrigerator is finished in Californian-cream.

Six special prizes will be given for the best and second best entries in each of the three sections of the contest.

A cash prize of £100 will be given for the best entry in each section, and a second prize of a Philips five-valve portable radio for the next best entry in each of the three sections.

Major prize-winners will not be eligible for these six prizes.

In addition to this glittering prize list, there will be 25 consolation awards of £5 each, and until the contest closes on January 16 we will make progress awards of £10 for each entry published.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE for the best entry in the contest: Coronation tour for two valued at more than £2000. The winner and companion will fly to England and U.S. via Qantas/B.O.A.C. and across the Pacific home by B.C.P.A.

Travelling ensemble and afternoon frock by Madame Pellier valued at £170.

Complete nylon lingerie outfit and fashion goods by Prestige valued at £100.

SECOND PRIZE for the second best entry: a specially fitted Ford Consul car valued at £1160.

THIRD PRIZE for the third best entry: a President Model 88 refrigerator valued at about £180.

FOURTH PRIZE of Hoover washing machine, electric polisher, and vacuum cleaner, total value £115/6/-.

THREE PRIZES of £100 for the best entry in each of the three sections other than the entries winning the four major prizes.

THREE PRIZES of a Philips portable radio, each valued at £36/15/-, for the second best entry in each of the three sections.

PROGRESS AWARDS OF £10 for entries published during the contest. 25 consolation prizes of £5 each.

How to enter contest

The contest is divided into three sections. Choose ANY ONE of the following three subjects, then write your entry about it. You may be as brief as you like, but do not write more than 500 words.

YOU may enter all three sections if you wish.

The rules governing the contest are on the opposite page. Please read them carefully.

Do not forget to include the coupon, properly signed, with your entry, warranting that your submission is your own original work.

1. Describe the most wonderful day in your life.

Perhaps it was your wonderful day because you fell in love, because a member of your family recovered from an illness or affliction, perhaps because you were the witness of a scene so touching or inspirational that it altered your whole outlook on life.

It could be the day you were made a Scout leader, the day of your golden wedding, or some otherwise quite ordinary day when you suddenly realised that life was good.

Tell us about it in your own way, as you would if you were telling it to a friend. Don't try to write a literary masterpiece—we are interested in you and your experience.

2. Tell us how you would entertain the Queen if she and her two children came informally for afternoon tea. Give the recipes for the food you would serve and say what three guests you would invite, and why.

As well as giving us the re-

cipes for the food that would appear upon your tea table, tell us how you would arrange the room in which the Royal visitors are to be entertained and how you would decorate the table.

Are you going to invite friends, family, or prominent Australians to meet the Queen? Tell us who they are and why you have chosen them. Don't worry about Royal etiquette.

The recipes you attach do not come within the 500-word limit.

3. Write an imaginary conversation between Elizabeth the First and Elizabeth the Second.

This section of the contest offers really fascinating possibilities. Queen Elizabeth the First reigned in the England of the 16th century; Elizabeth the Second reigns in a vastly different time.

What would these two talk about if they came together? Fashions? Family? Affairs of State? Palace housekeeping difficulties? Their jewels?

We leave it to you. Just let us have your imagined conversation—in not more than 500 words.

If you receive one of the £10 progress awards which we will make for entries published until the contest closes on January 16, you will still be eligible to win one of the other big prizes, so let us have your entry at once.

Royal time in London for the winner

Fortnight of rich pageantry, sightseeing, theatres, fashions

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Our Coronation contest winner and companion will see the Coronation procession from seats costing 35 guineas each. A champagne luncheon will be served during the day.

The glamorous programme, which is being arranged in London for the whole fortnight, will ensure that the winner's visit to England at this historic time will be the most memorable possible.

STARTING with the Coronation procession on June 2, the winner and his or her companion will be able to attend festivities of all kinds from the top-line theatrical shows to the Derby. Bookings are being made ahead, but they may be altered to suit personal wishes.

Following are the exciting details of arrangements already made. Some events in connection with the Coronation have yet to be announced. Our Coronation guests will also be included in these functions.

Seats for the Coronation procession are at a window on a first floor overlooking the route.

These seats entitle the holders not only to a champagne luncheon, but also to a day-long running champagne buffet, and afternoon tea after the return procession has passed with the young Queen in full Coronation robes after her dedication to the nation at Westminster Abbey.

A special invitation has

been extended for the lucky pair to join the official party at the Coronation Ball at the Savoy Hotel.

The ball is being organised to aid two charities—the National Playing Fields Association and the National United Appeal for the Blind.

The ball will be opened with a pageant portraying Elizabeth I arriving by barge with her attendants.

Descendants of Elizabeth's entourage will take part in the pageant.

It is hoped that the Duke of Edinburgh will attend. He is president of the National Playing Fields movement.

Supper will include roast swan, a favorite dish of Elizabeth I.

This ball promises to be the biggest and most ambitious charity ball of Coronation Year.

A visit to the Derby, Britain's most colorful race meeting, in a coach party, has been included in the tour. The day would be spent on the Heath watching the race from the top of the coach, having a picnic luncheon, and meeting the gypsies.

Also on the programme to be submitted to the winner and companion are these engagements:

THE ROYAL TOURNA-MENT—seats in the "Royal Enclosure," which is just in front of the Royal Box, at the opening of the tournament, when the Queen will be present.

TROOPING THE COLOR—seats on the Horse Guards' Parade on the Queen's official birthday.

PARLIAMENT—tea on the terrace or dinner in the evening after seeing over the new House of Commons and the House of Lords.

CORONATION REVUE, which will be presented especially for Coronation Year, "Call Me Madame," an American musical which will be running in London. The Palladium, where top-line stars of variety will be seen.

After each performance the tour guests will be taken backstage to meet the stars at any or all of these shows.

TO STRATFORD—for first night of "The Taming of the Shrew," with a tour of Shakespeare's country, staying the night at the Shakespeare Hotel and visiting Oxford en route.

NIGHTCLUBS—Café de Paris, Twenty-One Club, Casanova, probably after the theatre.

HISTORIC HOMES—there is the choice of the following: Coppins, the lovely home of the Duchess of Kent; Mansion House, to meet the Lord Mayor of London; the Royal Naval College, Greenwich; Chatsworth House, home of the Duke of Devonshire; Hatfield House, home of the Marquis of Salisbury; or to Windsor Castle, visiting, en route, Frogmore Gardens and Eton College.

TEST CRICKET—the first Test match between Australia and England at Trent Bridge starts on June 11.

OPERA—an evening at Glyndebourne opera festival, Sussex, travelling in full evening dress on the afternoon of June 7.

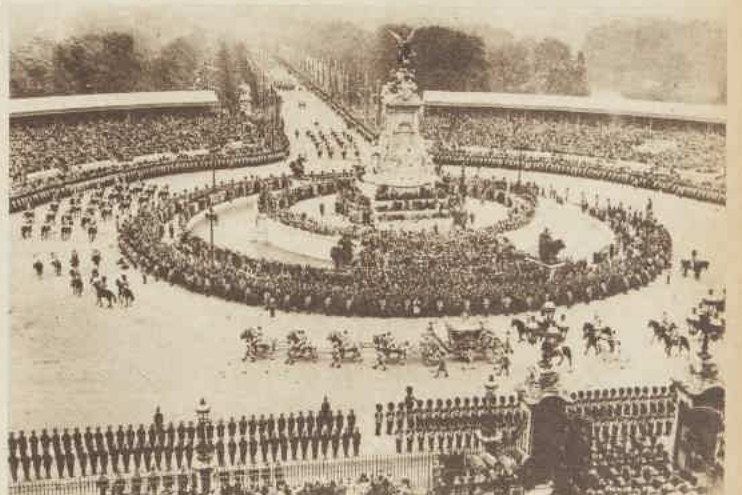
FASHION—visit to Hartnell or to a West End couturier—to see a Coronation collection.

BEAUTY—Hair-styling and beauty treatment—in leading West-End salon.

This outline may be expanded to an even more glamorous itinerary or restricted to allow more free time for personal engagements.



A ROYAL OCCASION. The Queen waving to a London crowd when as Princess Elizabeth she deputised for her father. Royal cars are made with specially wide windows and the seats are arranged so that the occupants sit forward in clear view of the crowds waiting to greet them.



CORONATION PROCESSION. A scene like this will be seen by the winner of our Coronation contest. The picture shows the magnificent Royal procession in traditional splendor after leaving Buckingham Palace when the present Queen's father, George VI, was crowned on May 12, 1937.



LONDONERS IN HAPPY MOOD. Winner of our Coronation contest will find London crowds good humored like this one photographed outside the London Palladium, the world's most famous music hall. Seats will be reserved for our Coronation guests at the Palladium and at other London theatres.

CONTEST RULES

Address your entries "Coronation Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may enter one section, two sections, or all three, and send as many entries as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by a coupon. Write on one side of the paper only.

Put your own name and address in block letters at the top of each page of your entry.

The entries may be as short as you like and should preferably be not more than 500 words. In section two, the recipes need not be counted in your total words.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

CORONATION CONTEST

November 5, 1952. Paste one coupon on each entry. I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

SIGNATURE

Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS (Block letters)

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DEBBIE REYNOLDS

as she looks in private life.

This vivacious young actress now co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

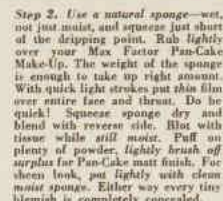
"I LOVE MELVIN"

(Colour by Technicolor)

depends on Max Factor's Pan-Cake Make-Up and Lipstick, when away from the cameras, for that fresh, young natural look.



Step 1: It's so simple and easy—with lanolin-rich Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up, the only cake make-up guaranteed not to dry your skin. Choose your shade with the tone of your skin as your colour-ear. There's one of 12 Max Factor colour-blending shades that's just right for you. Then—begin, at once, with a clean skin.



Step 2: Use a natural sponge—wet, not just moist, and squeeze just short of the dripping point. Rub lightly over your Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up. The weight of the sponge is enough to take up right amount. With quick light strokes put this film over entire face and throat. Do be quick! Squeeze sponge dry and blend with reverse side. Blot with tissue while still moist. Puff on plenty of powder, lightly brush off surplus for Pan-Cake matt finish. For sheer look, put lightly with clean moist sponge. Either way every tiny blemish is completely concealed.



Step 3: Now—your lips! Try shape you prefer. Famous Max Factor non-drying, indelible lipstick covers completely painted lips colours never make lips sensitive or parched. To make super indelible rub lips with tip of finger after applying lipstick. The longer you rub the more indelible the color. Then apply more lipstick and blot with tissue. Don't bite those, press it firmly to lips—and remove carefully. Lipstick colour will stay on; never come off on anything or anybody.



Step 4: Now look! Your skin is so radiantly young, so transparently lovely, and so natural! There is no made-up look, yet every tiny blemish—every telltale line has disappeared. Today, follow this new light touch beauty ritual to a naturally lovelier skin with Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up and Lipstick.



* Guarantee: Buy either or both of these Max Factor products at any cosmetic counter and see according to directions. If you don't agree that they make you look lovelier than ever before, the very first time you use them, simply return unused portion to Max Factor for full refund.

* Pan-Cake (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cake make-up.

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Max Factor Non-Drying Indelible Lipstick

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Plus ten prizes of £10 each.

CONDITIONS: Closing date, 10th December, 1952, in Sydney. Send as many entries as you like. Entries will be judged on correctness, aptness and originality. The judge will be Miss Carolyn Earle, Beauty Editor of "Australian Women's Weekly." Results will be published in the press before 25th December, 1952. Prize winners will be notified by mail. The judge's decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries and names become the property of Max Factor & Co. Employees of Max Factor and Company and their Advertising Agency are not eligible to enter this Contest.

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2. Suggest a name for a new "true red" shade of Max Factor Lipstick. (Not the shade illustrated on this page.)

Anyone can enter! No entry fee! Nothing to buy! All you have to do is fill in and mail the entry coupon below.

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1. Debbie Reynolds is a Light Brunette with a Medium Complexion. Her correct shade of Pan-Cake is:

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A KISS FOR THE BRIDE. Famous tennis player Frank Sedgman kisses Mrs. Harvey Trenchella, formerly Gloria Williams, as she leaves St. Michael's, Façade, with her husband. Frank's wife, Jean, who is Gloria's cousin, is with them. Harvey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Trenchella, Peakhurst.



CASTLE HILL SHOW. Diana Phipps (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Parbury enjoyed a picnic lunch at the Castle Hill Show. More than 100 horsemen exhibited at the show, which was the second held by the N.S.W. branch of the Equestrian Federation.

Social Gittings

AFTER wonderful holidays abroad, Beverley and Frances Horton Browne are working like trojans on their father's property and getting ready for Beverley's wedding on December 4 at the same time.

"They work harder at home than they would if they had office jobs," Mrs. Horton Browne told me.

Beverley, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Horton Browne, of "Wirruna," Young, will marry Selwyn Ravenscroft, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Ravenscroft, of Mosman, at All Saints', Woollahra. Frances will be her bridesmaid. The reception will be at Glen Ascham.

Beverley will leave the land behind her when she is married, as she and Selwyn have a harbor-view flat at Neutral Bay, complete with garden, to move into after the wedding.

The Horton Brownes will be among the familiar faces in Melbourne next week for the Melbourne Cup.

TRAVELLING from Perth for the

Cup will be Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blythe, of the famous cattle station "Glenroy," in the Kimberleys. Mr. Blythe and his brothers operate the air beef scheme from their holdings of 20,000 cattle. After the Cup they will go to Sydney to stay with former Perth residents Mr. and Mrs. G. Bruce-Smith, of Point Piper, who are just back from a sea trip to the Persian Gulf.

The Governor-General and Lady McKell and their daughter, Betty, will entertain at a late-afternoon party at Government House, Melbourne, on Cup Night.

Sydney people attending the Cup will include Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Bailieu, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Crowley, and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Dovey, who will be guests at the luncheon given by Victoria Race Club chairman, Mr. T. C. Manifold, and Mrs. Manifold for interstate committeemen and their wives.

A ROMANTIC holiday cruise to

Jamaica begins on November 29 for Diana Calder and Mrs. M. Franklin, of Darling Point, when they leave on the French liner *Caledonia*. Both are packing lots of swimsuits and gay cotton frocks for the trip, which will take about six months. They will stay a fortnight at Kingston, capital of Jamaica.



IT PRINCES. Barrie Asheton-Chin, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. Asheton-Chin, of Pymble, and Charles Blanks, of Wollongong, who are engaged.



ENGAGED. Muriel Jackson, only child of Mrs. Paton Jackson, of Rose Bay, and Mr. W. Jackson, and Peter Heath, son of Mrs. W. E. Crossing, of Woollahra, and Group-Captain Noel Heath.



FIRST CHANCELLOR. Lord and Lady Bruce at the Albert Hall, Canberra, after Lord Bruce had been installed as the first Chancellor of the National University. Lord Bruce is a former Prime Minister of Australia. Delegates from 90 universities attended.



LEAVING ST. STEPHEN'S. Max Edwards, youngest son of Mrs. B. Edwards, of West Ryde, and of the late Judge D. S. Edwards, and his bride, formerly Kathleen Elphinstone, daughter of Mrs. Elphinstone, of Strathfield, and of the late Mr. J. C. Elphinstone.

HEATHER FIELD is doing her trousseau shopping way ahead of time so as to leave herself some free time to introduce her fiancé, Geoffrey Prockter, to her family and masses of Sydney friends when he arrives from Singapore a few days before their wedding. They will be married at St. John's, Wahroonga, on November 26. "Geoffrey doesn't know a soul in Australia and hasn't been here before, but he doesn't seem to be worrying about all the people he has to meet," Heather said. The reception will be at the Fields' beautiful home, "Maharatta," at Warrawee. Heather's matron of honor will be her sister, Mrs. Chris Langsworth.

THRILLED to see friends from home were Mr. and Mrs. Guy Yates, who met the George Bryants, from Wahroonga, in Nice during their trip abroad. They made a foursome and spent 10 days in Italy together. In London they met other Wahroonga friends Mrs. Ross Cuthbert and her daughter Judith, who have a flat in Kensington. The Yates', who recently returned home in the Strathnaver, shipped their car over for the trip and took in a couple of trips to Paris, which they adored, and several tours of England and Scotland.



GOLF TOURNAMENT. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Walkley (right) at the Lakes Golf Course with Ossie Pickworth, who was a finalist in the Ampol Tournament. Norman von Nida and "Porky" Oliver, one of the four visiting Americans, shared the £1075 first and second prize.

ARDENT art collector Mrs. Eric Pratten will open a one-man show by artist Dorothy Clemens at a sherry party at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Clemens, of Roseville, this Saturday, November 1, for Kuring-gai Mobile Clinic.

NEWLYWEDS Stewart and Diana McIndoe will move into a flat at Toorak after their honeymoon. Diana is the daughter of Professor and Mrs. Harvey Sutton, Rose Bay.

POPULAR president of White City Tennis Courts, Mr. Arthur Walder, and Mrs. Walder will be given a farewell cocktail party and presentation at the club house this Sunday, November 2. Mr. Walder has been a playing member for 20 years and is retiring after 12 years as president. He was one of the men behind the scenes in the organising of the Davis Cup at White City last year.

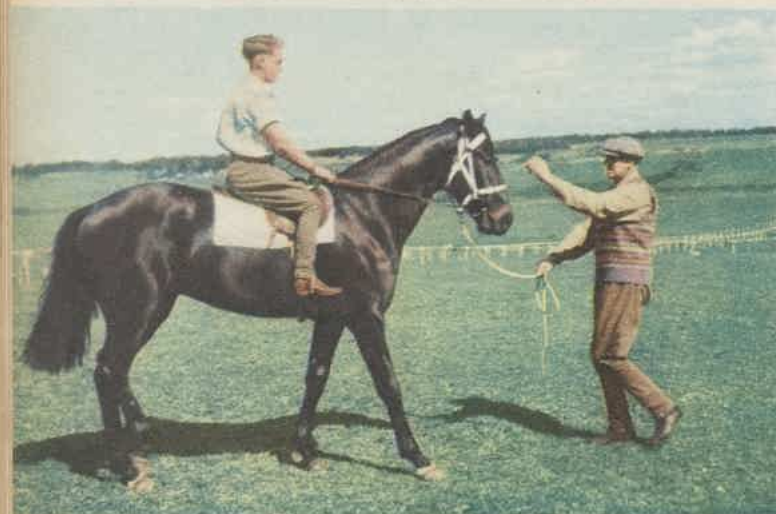
Anne

Some day he might win a Melbourne Cup

● The two-year-olds are the most closely watched entrants in spring racing events. Each young hopeful represents months of patient and highly specialised training and a large outlay of money.



CAVERSHAM (left), a two-year-old colt, exercises with other horses at Montana Stud, Mornington, Vic. He is learning not to become temperamental when working with other horses or frightened by the flapping colors the jockeys wear.



WHEN jockey Rodney Forbes rode Caversham for the first time, trainer Noel McDonnell walked in front ready to rebuke the horse if he tried to buck his rider. McDonnell follows the English method of training in open paddocks.

ALTHOUGH it is an advantage for a two-year-old to be the progeny of distinguished parents and be born with a "silver bit" in its mouth, only time can tell whether greatness has been inherited.

A would-be champion's future is equally dependent on the tutoring it receives before beginning its racing career.

One of this year's two-year-olds is Caversham, a 16-hand black colt with a brown muzzle by Gold Nib from Foxola.

He was imported from New Zealand in February by Mr. Dave Prince, of Melbourne, after topping the New Zealand yearling sales.

By the time he is earning his own living he will have cost his owner nearly £5000, including £400 for board and residence and gear and track expenses in the past eight months.

His story is typical of all two-year-olds, though trainers' ideas differ on minor matters.

Caversham is being trained by Noel McDonnell at Montana Stud, Mornington, Vic.

When he took up residence there last February as a yearling, his only social graces were wearing a headstall and not objecting to being rugged or having his feet manicured with a rasp so they would grow even-sized.

He started "school" in a white-railed yard the day after his arrival.

McDonnell first taught him the A.B.C. of lunging—going round and round in a circle, tethered to a rope held by his trainer, who companionably chattered to him, explaining the meaning of "left," "right," and "whoa."

Back in his stall much later that afternoon he contentedly sucked away at a thick bit.

He had objected strongly to the bit at first. But after it had been gently placed in his mouth and removed a number of times, he was quite fascinated by it.

By MARY COLES,
staff reporter

Caversham led the way when he exercised, with his trainer driving him with a pair of light reins, delicately inclining them to the left, then to the right.

At first he was very loosely girthed. The strap was tightened one hole at a time.

"This hand round his heart makes him feel as uncomfortable as a woman wearing stays for the first time," McDonnell commented.

"That's why I believe in taking it in easy stages. Tight lacing was never done in a day."

Next Caversham learnt to wear a light saddle.

The stirrups were left long so that jockey Rodney Forbes would have a better chance of sticking on if Caversham bucked to show his indignation at being ridden for the first time.

McDonnell stood at Caversham's head with an admonishing finger raised ready to touch him very smartly

on the nose if he bucked when Rodney vaulted into the saddle.

Rodney then slid off his mount over the hindquarters.

He repeated this performance over and over again, mounting from both the on and off sides.

By this time Caversham was unafraid and thoroughly amused.

Satisfied the horse now knew "the score," McDonnell mounted him, rode out into the paddock, quickening the pace every step.

They galloped up hills and down slopes, returning to the stables exhilarated and exhausted.

"Tiring a horse out physically with his first ride does away with nervous tension," McDonnell said.

Exercising in the paddocks, Caversham learned how to behave in the presence of about 20 other horses, all with distinct personalities and also being prepared for the Spring Carnival.

He discovered the subtleties of different paces—trotting, cantering, and sprinting to develop free action.

Six weeks later he was turned out to take life easily for a couple of months, resting, playing, and hardening physically in the paddocks, eating mostly grass and lucerne.

In July, he began serious training for his first engagements in the spring.

By the time he was ready for barriers practice he was no longer disturbed by the sight of the bright colors worn by jockeys.

Caversham began his barrier practice with Happy Medium, which is owned by Noel McDonnell.

Happy Medium sets the youngsters a perfect example in starting, standing as still as a statue until the barrier rises and then jumping away like a flash.

In September Caversham went to Flemington to take part in the Matinee trials.

These are a week-day function held every year by the Victoria Racing Club for young horses which have never been raced before.

There are no fees or stakes to be won, and four-furlong events take place every few minutes from 11 a.m. until 4 p.m.

McDonnell, who has been riding and training horses since he was 10, riding over the jumps in New Zealand "for ten bold a time," admits Caversham is a "prize pupil."

"He is one of the most beautiful colts I've ever handled," he said.

"There are all the makings of a real champion in him, but, of course, all two-year-olds are 'champs' in the spring.

"By the autumn a good many of this spring's most promising novices may not be worth harnessing to a milk cart."



THE COLT is held by jockey Michael Holley while being hosed down by trainer Noel McDonnell. The admiring audience is, from left, Mrs. McDonnell, her daughter Margaret, apprentices Harvey Madden and George Peach, Mrs. Graham Godfrey, her son Michael, and jockey Rodney Forbes. A horse's whole future depends on how he is handled as a two-year-old.

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Radio singer "went bush"

Blue Mountains home was cordial factory

By MARGARET BINGHAM, staff reporter

Tucked away in the bush near the little town of Faulconbridge in the lower Blue Mountains, N.S.W., a small green-and-red cottage called "The Crest," surrounded by carefully tended rock-gardens, is catching the eyes of passers-by.

Proud owner is mezzo-soprano and singing teacher Miss Gwladys Edwards, who packed her belongings, left her Killara flat, and "went bush."

ONLY a year ago "The Crest" was a small cordial factory on a block of unkempt land amid piles of rubbish and broken bottles.

Miss Edwards will be 64 years old next December, but nobody would suspect it. She has a trim figure, a youthful complexion, and boundless energy. She gets so much fun out of life that she finds it hard to realise that she is in her 60's.

"I don't feel as old as that," she said. "But I must be. I have my parents' authority for it."

Her two-roomed home is painted an attractive green, and the front door, windows, and other trimmings are in bright red.

Inside it is cosy and comfortably furnished. Beige curtains cover the windows and some of the wall cupboards and each curtain is decorated with a line of buttons, alternately red and green, sewn along the bottom seam.

There are 170 buttons on the curtains all told, and Miss Edwards sewed on all of them.

She loves to have colorful things around her and she is amused by the reactions of some people to her brightly painted home.

"One day I heard a woman who passed the house say, 'Fancy her painting it that awful color,' so I popped out my head and said, 'Well, I love it,'" she told me.

She is in the midst of an artistic settlement, and with other musicians who live in the village she is planning to hold musical evenings regularly.

Mail is delivered by commercial artist Sybil Wood, who has been postwoman at Faulconbridge for four and a half years and rides 18 miles each day on her 23-year-old horse Barney.

Miss Edwards has always led a busy life and just because she is "getting on" she is not slackening. She rises with the birds in the mornings to work in the garden.

She has built 35 rock gardens round her home, most of them on the slope of the hill below the house. She has placed each rock, big and little, in position with her own hands. Paths and steps of rock wind between the gardens.

As well, Miss Edwards still goes to Sydney four days a week to teach singing. She also gives lessons in Faulconbridge.

She still has a beautifully modulated, resonant mezzo-soprano voice. She played one of her records, made two years ago, for me and it was hard to believe that the voice belonged to a woman of over 60.

She learnt singing first when she went to live in Timaru, New Zealand, at the age of 17, after coming out from London with her parents. Her singing teacher there was Hugh Nevill-Smith, who has trained so many of Australia's finest singers.

He is now teaching in Brisbane, and she says he persists in referring to her as "my oldest pupil."

She also studied under Melba for a few years at the Melba Conservatorium in Melbourne.

She has a collection of more than 300 art songs and with



SINGING TEACHER Gwladys Edwards, who has "gone bush" at Faulconbridge, N.S.W., receives her mail from postwoman Sybil Wood, who is also a commercial artist.

these as the basis of her repertoire has sung all over New Zealand and at hundreds of Australian concerts.

But Miss Edwards' biggest audience was an unseen one. She had a great following as a radio singer.

She sang as Gwladys Edwards on 2GB and as Winifred Batchelor (her two middle names) on the A.B.C.

Studios of the two stations were just opposite each other in Bligh Street.

"I was lucky that I never got caught by programmes overlapping," she said laughing, "but once I had a very close call."

"I had just two minutes between one programme and the next and in that time I had to cross Bligh Street and climb seven flights of stairs to the studio. I was puffing and panting, but I just made it."

Miss Edwards comes from a long-lived family. Her mother, Mrs. A. E. Edwards, of Cre-

more, N.S.W., is 85; her father died last year at the same age; and one of Miss Edwards' grandmothers reached the age of 102.

Fellow residents in Faulconbridge have been helpful. Miss Edwards said.

When the carmen who brought her and her belongings could take his van no farther down the road to the house, the neighborhood children helped her to carry her bundles in.

Another time, after she had happened to mention that she felt her fuel stove was too close to the floor, four men each carrying two bricks arrived one week-end to build it up to a safe height.

When she has added a few more rooms, Miss Edwards will use her present bed-sitting room as a studio.

Her one regret is that she has no space for her piano at the moment, even if she could get it through the door.



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FROM THE STEPS of her cottage on the Blue Mountains, N.S.W., Miss Gwladys Edwards surveys her garden with pride. The house is painted green, and the potplants, trellis, lantern, and window-frames are in red.



LOUDON SAINTHILL'S drawing-room has the appearance of a West End comedy drawing-room set. Black and white monkey fur is the floor covering. Below: The entrance hall is papered in watermelon-pink tinsel. Photographs by Alec Murray.

Australians have elegant London flat

In South Audley Street, Mayfair, London, is the elegant bachelor establishment of two young Australians, Loudon Sainthill and Harry Tatlock Miller. Among Mr. Sainthill's successes have been stage settings for the Shakespeare productions of the Stratford-on-Avon Company and the decor for *Ile de Sirenes* Ballet, in which Australian dancer Elaine Fifield recently scored a triumph. Mr. Tatlock Miller is an authority on art and the theatre.



WORKROOM. A corner of Mr. Sainthill's workroom. An immense letter rack holds many souvenirs of shows.



MAIN BEDROOM. The recessed divan-type bed is guarded by a pair of black-browed Spanish baroque saints on fluted marble columns.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 5, 1952

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Helping "lost" children to find themselves

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

With great concentration but with faltering steps, the little boy tried to walk along the curving chalk line. Suddenly he wandered, and looked helplessly round him. At that moment his teacher, taking his hand, guided him back on the line.

FOR most people walking along a chalk line is a simple thing, but for a subnormal child it is as hard as walking a tightrope in front of a large circus audience.

In Sydney there are women who have the patience and the scientific training to teach these children. With music and much love and understanding, they strive to reclaim these little lost ones.

The parents of these defectives, who formerly had no chance of education for their children or assistance with them, have formed the Subnormal Children's Welfare Association.

There are 8000 subnormal children in N.S.W., and 162 attend the association's schools and centres.

The association is financed by the parents and by gifts from friends.

There were six children in the class in the shabby hut on the seashore at Balmoral, near Sydney, where the association

has one of its six metropolitan schools.

When I walked into the room and watched a teacher trying to teach them to clap their hands to music, I felt it was all so futile.

An hour later I realised I was so very wrong.

The look of love and devotion on the face of their teacher, Russian-German Mrs. Kyra Pohl, as she guided the faltering steps of the youngster as he plodded along the chalk line made me feel ashamed of my impatience.

Mrs. Pohl is a disciple of the late Rudolph Steiner, a Viennese philosopher, doctor, and mystic, who did a great deal for subnormal children.

She is the mother of two healthy, normal youngsters.

She has had wonderful results with children who formerly had no schooling and who would not respond in any way to reason or discipline.

Some of them now can speak a little, all can make themselves understood, and play simple games.

One little chap, who stood

glumly in a corner with his head down while I was there, seemed a pretty hopeless case.

But Mrs. Pohl told me that although he never joined in any games or activities, when he went home he did for his mother everything the other children had been doing during the day.

"Each child has about twenty minutes' individual tuition in speech training, walking, jumping, or movement to music," she said. "Then we teach them as a group."

"Parents should not have to hide their subnormal children away as someone to be ashamed of."

"They all have a place in the community, and when they feel this they begin to develop and it is possible to teach them many things."

The association has another centre at Burwood, in the western suburbs of Sydney, where ex-music teacher Alice Cronin works five days a week with children from five to 35 (they are still children at 35 when subnormal).

She said that most of the children had been very bored at home, but since attending the school for the past eight months they could sing, do simple dances, and had learnt many handicrafts.

She stopped talking and ran over to two lads who were pushing one another.

"Dear boys, we can't have that, now, please," she said, and put her arms round each of the small belligerents.

She turned to me. "It's no use chastising them crossly—it would hurt their feelings so much," she explained, "they would be upset all day."

"When you are successful with them it is wonderful to see the look of understanding in their eyes."



TEACHER at the school for subnormal children at Balmoral, near Sydney, Mrs. K. Pohl, plays the flute for one of her pupils. Music is an important part of their training.



MISS MARY LAMOND, who is the teacher in charge at Crowle House, Ryde, helps children finger-paint with a mixture of color and starch. The other teacher is a volunteer helper. Every subject is planned to aid the children's development.

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Royal Standard Bearer regains peerage

He will have an important role at the Coronation of the Queen

By
BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

The man who carried the Royal Standard of Scotland at the Coronation of the late King George VI was, almost alone among the great peers and attendant dignitaries, plain "Mister." He was Henry James Scrymgeour Wedderburn.

But when he bears the Royal Standard for Queen Elizabeth II at her Coronation he will be Viscount Dudhope, Baron Scrymgeour, and, possibly, Earl of Dundee.

A HANDSOME, military-looking giant with a clipped moustache and thick, fair hair, Henry James Scrymgeour Wedderburn is Hereditary Royal Standard Bearer for Scotland.

He has just won back an illustrious Scottish peerage that was stolen from his ancestors 300 years ago.

The man who did the stealing was the then all-powerful Earl of Lauderdale, a crony of Charles II and practically ruler of Scotland from 1660 to 1690.

With his soldierly bearing, Mr. Scrymgeour Wedderburn will be one of the most striking figures in the pageantry of the Coronation.

The name "Scrymgeour" means "diminisher," to which he has certainly lived up. He has been an active politician

since his Oxford days, and sat in the House of Commons from 1931 to 1945, first as a "back-bencher," then as Under-Secretary of State for Scotland.

Under a deceptive mask of quietness and taciturnity he showed a sharp Scots wit, a tremendous sense of fun, and a zest for scrapping.

"I get nothing out of this," he said. "I maintained the ancient battle for our rights for the sake of family honors: I'll be 'Mister' until the Queen approves new patents to my titles."

The extent of the Earl of Lauderdale's ruthlessness in the 17th century intrigue was recently revealed in the House of Lords.

The Lords of the Committee examining this case summed up Lauderdale's behaviour as "processed and unscrupulous covetousness."

At the end of the summing

up they recommended that the ancient titles of which his family had been deprived for three centuries be restored to Henry James Scrymgeour Wedderburn.

This is the story that emerged as the noble Lords waded through a jungle of musty documents dating back to 1411.

The Earl of Lauderdale, who coveted the Scrymgeour estates and titles, seized these at an opportune moment after Viscount Dudhope died in 1668. The Earl timed it well. Dudhope left no near heir.

The scheming nobleman sent a party of horsemen to the dead Viscount's estate to carry off his family papers.

Then he tore out about 12 pages from the Register of the Great Seal, which contained the Patent of this Peerage, created 27 years before, in 1641.

Another document called the Signature, signed by King Charles I in person, had been torn out, too.

These were the only pages missing from this period.

Said 50-year-old Jim Scrymgeour Wedderburn: "By des-

troying all these papers the Earl made it impossible for the nearest heir in our family to succeed.

"It has taken almost 300 years to amass enough evidence to win these titles back, but there is no bitterness between the present members of the families, which are now related by marriage.

"My grandfather and my father in turn took up the case," said Scrymgeour Wedderburn. "They added to the evidence and handed the results down to me."

Descendant of a long line of Scottish warriors, the new Viscount received the news of victory calmly at his Pall Mall club.

He phoned his wife, Patricia, at home on their 3500-acre estate at Birkhill in Fifeshire, who received the news with equal calm.

Scrymgeour Wedderburn married the widow of his brother, David, a lieutenant-colonel killed in action in Italy.

His wife, who is a cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester, was formerly Patricia Montagu-Douglas-Scott.

Their small son, Alexander, 3, will become Lord Scrymgeour and Master of Dudhope.

The next claim his father will make is to the Earldom of Dundee, granted to a member of his family in 1660.



HEREDITARY ROYAL STANDARD BEARER Henry James Scrymgeour Wedderburn will carry the Scots Royal Standard at the Coronation of the Queen. He performed a similar office at the Coronation of her father.

fur news

My husband wouldn't believe me!

"Impossible!" he said. "You mean to say this magnificent new fur was made out of that old rag you've had in the wardrobe for years!" It was true. I took that shabby, old-fashioned jacket along to Cornelius, and asked their advice. The fur was moth-eaten in places, and between you and me, I expected that magooch would end up in the dustbin.

After a thorough skin test, Mr. Cornelius said, "You'll get years more wear out of this fur."

We'll do nothing at all, repair the damage... and after it's reconditioned and re-modelled, you won't know it from a brand new, expensive fur." And how right he was! Why don't YOU take your fur to Cornelius this week?

Summer-time is danger-time for furs!

Did you know, Cornelius have a wonderful Sterile Storage Vault where you can leave your treasured furs! Of course there is six months' FREE STORAGE for all furs re-modelled during the next few months. Many country clients use this service! Ask for details, or simply send your fur by registered post.

Remember, every piece of fur is precious... no matter how old... no matter how out of date. The actual fur is worth valuable pounds!

Furs get hangovers, too!

In many parties... too much gadding about will take the lush glamour out of your fur. Cornelius have a wonderful pick-me-up for tired furs. They gently clean the pelts, and re-condition, revitalise each silky strand. Remember, fur is very like your own hair... it needs many natural "foods" to keep it healthy and lustrous. A beauty treatment costs so little... makes such a world of difference. Write or pop in this week.

Distance lends enchantment...

One of our nicest clients we've never even met... they write us letters and we solve all their problems by mail! As a matter of fact, country letters receive the personal attention of Mr. Cornelius himself. If you would like to know if your ancient fur has any re-modelling possibilities, just write a letter telling us what fur and style it is. If it is moth-eaten or worn thin... or the skin is split, tell us exactly where. Mr. Cornelius will create an individual style to suit your fur and your purse. Drop us a line to-day!

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 5, 1952



YOUR OLD FUR

magnificently remodelled

Who would guess this Paris-inspired stole was once "that awful old fur cape of mothers!" Skimp and old-fashioned, it had been pushed in the rag-bag for years. Amazing the miracles Cornelius can work!

They can rejuvenate old pelts—change the colour completely—or extend your fur by matching the skins. And such superb styling!

Each re-modelled fur is individually created by Mr. Cornelius himself. Take your fur in for a FREE Skin Test this week. You'll know then if the pelts are worth re-modelling—and how little it will cost.



Cornelius

FUR SALONS AT 38 MARTIN PLACE & CURZONS BW 9264

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Make your 'BIG SISTER'



rich fruit cake

into a wonderful

Christmas cake

You can't improve on the rich, fruity goodness of 'Big Sister'! Every bite has the flavour of juicy, red cherries, sun-ripe raisins and currants, tender citrus peels and fine old brandy and rum.

But you, yourself, can turn it into the finest Christmas cake ever iced, with the wonderful, up-to-date yet simple icing that has been made specially for 'Big Sister' by one of the foremost cooking authorities in this country.

GET YOUR 'BIG SISTER' FRUIT CAKE

FROM YOUR GROCER TODAY...

AND DON'T FORGET

'BIG SISTER' PLUM PUDDING

Exclusive 'BIG SISTER'

Christmas Icing

by

Janet Blair



3 lbs. pure icing sugar
3 ozs. liquid glucose
2 egg whites

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
red and green food colouring

Reserve half of one egg white. Drop balance (unbeaten) into middle of sifted icing sugar in bowl. Add melted glucose, lemon juice and vanilla. Work sugar in from the sides until a smooth, stiff paste is formed. Lift on to board dusted with sifted icing sugar. Knead like pastry until icing has absorbed sufficient sugar to hold its shape. Cut off a small portion for decoration. Roll balance to a 12" square, barely $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick with rolling pin coated with icing sugar. Brush cake with remaining egg white, lift icing on to cake. Mould and smooth over top and sides of cake with hands coated with icing sugar. Trim excess icing from bottom edges with sharp knife. Add dabs of green colouring to threequarters of portion saved for decoration, knead until evenly coloured. Roll to $\frac{1}{4}$ " thickness. Cut out Christmas trees as illustrated, using paper pattern and small sharp-pointed knife. Moisten trees underneath with egg white, press lightly on to cake. Colour balance of icing red and cut tubs for trees. Apply to cake in same way.

BUTTER ICING FOR PIPING

3 tablespoons soft butter icing made by creaming 1 level tablespoon butter with 1 cup sifted icing sugar and 1 or 2 teaspoons orange juice or sherry. Colour half the butter icing red, balance green. Use to pipe "Merry Christmas", edge decoration and lattice on sides.

Allow cake to stand for 24 hours before cutting.



Big Sister

RICH FRUIT CAKE

HOME BAKED IN THE OVENS OF LILLIS & CO. LIMITED, SYDNEY—MAKERS OF FRUIT MIX, COCKTAIL CHERRIES, CHUTNEY



LEFT. Flying saucer, Bill McLachlan fits the "saucer," a new type of ski-board, on Marie Higgs. **Right:** Stewart Black, president of the Blue Water Ski Club, and members Coralie Noakes (left) and Norma Costello. Members make their own skis.



Perfect balance at forty miles an hour

• The water ski-ing season is in full swing at Sackville, on the quiet reaches of the Hawkesbury River, New South Wales. The sport has rapidly become popular throughout Australia.

Interstate clubs have been formed and members travel to other States to compete in championship events.

Water skiing looks easy, but anything can happen when you travel at 40 or 50 miles an hour on one ski only six inches wide. Try it and see!



NO HANDS. On one ski, Lance O'Neil lets go the tow-rope to glide into shore. Skis will travel for some distance after the tow-rope has been released. Pictures taken by Douglass Baglin.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 5, 1952



FOAM AND SPRAY fly as Jack Murray and Norcen Borg speed along at 40 miles an hour. Jack and Norcen are two of Australia's top-line water skiers.

Eye Catching



Lourmay Lips



THAT
STAY
SOFT
AND
BRIGHT

Lovely the lips that keep their vibrant colour right through the waking hours! Lourmay Lipstick, with its special creamy base, really keeps your lips from drying and gives them a soft satiny sheen that is ever appealing.

HOW TO APPLY FOR LASTING LOVELINESS



Apply lipstick to your upper lip, after drying with a tissue.



Compress lips, then fill in outline on lower lip.



Blot firmly with a tissue.

Lourmay
Creamy LIPSTICK

Lourmay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia. Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading Department Stores.



LL52/1



... but **love**
wont stop infection!



No, it's not love that stops infection—it's immediate action the moment an accident happens. Even the most trivial cut can become septic... then it's too late to prevent infection. When accidents happen—sterilize immediately with SOLYPTOL Antiseptic.

There's safety in SOLYPTOL!

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antiseptic

Hospital proved

"IF IT'S FAULDING'S — IT'S PURE"

Hats favorites in fashion stakes

While all Australia is picking the winner of the Melbourne Cup, designers are grooming entries for the millinery race, the most important event of the fashion programme.

WHETHER Fleming-ton Racecourse is flooded with sunshine or rain, and it is even money on both in Melbourne in November, hats are always in the spotlight.

Melbourne designer Thomas Harrison says that a Cup model must be a stayer with just the right amount of dash to flash past the post.

Known to his fashionable patrons as "Tommy," Mr. Harrison has been Australia's "Anatole of Paris" for nearly 20 years.

He has called one of his 1952 Cup entries "Jet Bomber," and pictures on this page show stages in its making.

It is his choice because besides being glamorous it has the essentials decreed by Paris

for the season—the east-west line, a "good earth" color note, and a back-trim finish.

"Whether a model is a wisp of nonsense or a tailored sports felt, a well-bred hat has qualities which endear it to all women with a devotion to elegance," Mr. Harrison said.

"Like a fine racehorse, it is taught to behave the hard way."

"It must endure stretching, shrinking, intensive steaming, ironing, brushing, and being doused with chemicals."

"Blue-blooded" hats respond by retaining their chic and remaining unperturbed by sudden changes in weather or fashion.

"In fact, they'll usually shake back in shape with aristocratic nonchalance even after they have been sat on."



PARISIAN milliner Jacqueline Joneth first modelled the shape in (centre) so that it would look ready to "take off" but material in east-west line.



CROWN of "Jet Bomber" was moulded into shape on upper layer of fine black silk net (right) over the stiffened net under-brim.

CUP DAY HAT "Jet Bomber," won by Mrs. Richard Faulkner, of Melbourne. Designer Tommy Harrison says it has all the season's fashion features.



TRIMMING of pliable burnt straw—the "good earth" color—is added. The sparterie foundation on the doll, "Sophie," has been discarded now that the hat materials have been stiffened and worked into the wing shape.



JACQUELINE puts the finishing touches to the fashion winner "Jet Bomber" with a tiny pony flat-iron of the type used by all French milliners. The iron is heated on an electric hot plate.

The Little Flags

By
BARRY PEROWNE

ARRREE!" urged Crespin, the water-boy, enlivening his donkey's rump with a small switch. The donkey flinched its tail in contempt of such attentions, but, being as anxious as Crespin to have done with the day's work, put on a great show of activity between the shafts of the little cart.

The off-wheel jolted over a stone in the dusty lane, and from one of the cargo of several fat earthenware jars—the only one that remained full—a spout of bright water splashed on to Crespin's bare feet as he trotted alongside.

He hardly noticed it, any more than he noticed, far off, to his left, the wide Atlantic gulfed with the hues of approaching sunset, or, to his right, the rugged mountains of Portugal rolling inland shadowed in purple.

All his eager brown eyes had time for were the nine little red flags which dotted the arid hillside sloping up immediately to his right.

He was fourteen, sturdy and sunburnt in his tattered checked pants and shirt, his cap clinging to a shock of dark curls. And the little flags were the banners to which he marched through life. His eyes sought them out all day and he dreamed of them all night.

They marked the sun-baked earth greens of a lonely little nine-hole golf course.

Hardly anyone ever passed there except Captain Archibald Campbell, local manager for a British shipping line which had offices in the port on the coast. And, at this moment, Crespin could see Captain Campbell's car advancing in a cloud of dust down the track from the shanty which served as a club-house.

"Arrree!" shouted Crespin, more urgently, and with a hand on the donkey's harness he broke into a run, the cart rocking and the water-jars splashing lavishly behind him.

They reached the foot of the golf course just in time to meet the car, which pulled up at once. It was a shiny foreign convertible with the top down, and Captain Archibald Campbell was a short, thick-set man whose riching cap, brick-red face, bushy white eyebrows, and fierce blue eyes made him look

exactly what he was—a retired merchant navy officer.

He leaned out of the car to address Crespin, with a kind of ferocious joviality, in fluent Portuguese.

"Hah, you there, boy," he said. "I'm glad you came along. I've got my niece staying here for a month or two—been showing her our course." He turned to the girl beside him. "This is the boy, Rosalind."

"Hullo, Crespin," said Rosalind. Her smile dazzled him. He never had seen anyone like her before. Her hair had the sheen of silver-gilt, her complexion the gold of summer, and her eyes were a deep grey.

"Nineteen, and she's never touched a golf club, Crespin," said Captain Campbell fretfully. "I've been telling her she ought to take it up. Been telling her about you—how I roped you in to caddie for me, caught you swinging one of my clubs, saw you had a natural swing, arranged for you to be allowed to play on the course here, and let you have the spare key of my locker to use my clubs."

"Hey? Took to it like a duck to water, and gave me someone to play against—for no one else ever comes here. Well, after three months of it, what can you do the nine holes in now, boy? Hey? Speak up!"

"Yesterday, Senhor Captain," said Crespin, bursting with vainglory, "I went around in forty."

"Forty!" shouted Captain Campbell. "No need to slap it on with a shovel, boy! I've never done it in forty yet myself and I've been at the game a lifetime—between voyages. You'd better watch yourself—you've a tendency to exaggerate, boy. I'll be up here again in a day or two and I'll test you myself. Forty," grumbled Captain Campbell, incredulous, and drove off in a cloud of dust.

Crespin, grinning broadly, looked up at the little flags scattered over the brown slope of hillside, among the clumps of bayonet cactus. Then he woke up the donkey, which, bored by any handicaps but its own, which were numerous, was leaning sideways in the shafts with its eyes shut, snoozing.

"Arrree!" said Crespin.

Half a mile up the lane was the cottage where he lived with his father, who was a farmer, his mother, and numerous young brothers and sisters. Goats chimed their tinkling bells about the cottage.

From the kitchen sounded the voices of the family and the rattle of pots and pans as Crespin, carrying the last full water-jar, approached the back door furtively.

At this time of day, chores were apt to be forthcoming; and he cursed to himself when the family turkey cock, lording it over a cluck and flutter of fowls, noted him with a red-rimmed eye and inflated portentous wattles to gobble an official greeting to the son of the house.

Crespin set down the water-jar gingerly on the worn stone step. He backed away a few paces on tiptoe, then turned and ran, heading obliquely up the hillside for the haven staked out by the small red flags.

This was the hour for the evening golfer in lands the world over—the hour of release, of brightened eye and quickened pulse.

Crespin strode into the club-house like a conqueror. The club-house consisted of one room with a beaten earth floor. This was the locker-room. It was also the dwelling-place of old Diogo, the caretaker and greenkeeper, whose double bedstead stood in a corner.

Old Diogo grunted a greeting. A grizzled, elderly man with a black cloth cap on the back of his grizzled head, he stood in the arch of the enormous whitewashed chimney, fanning the charcoal in the stove under his savory stew.

Along one wall were six lockers of massive, historic appearance. The name-cards in the slots were yellow with age—all except one, which bore the name "Captain Archibald Campbell." Crespin fished from the pocket of his shorts the article which he valued above anything he had ever possessed—Captain Campbell's spare key.

He polished the key on the seat of his shorts and opened the locker reverently. It held a pair of old shoes, formidably nailed, an ancient

cleek with a hickory shaft, and a prodigious great bag of shining, matched, steel-shafted clubs.

Crespin exerted his strength to lift the bag out. He touched each club lovingly in turn, counting them, then zipped open the pocket and selected the oldest ball; those still sealed in wrappings were too sacred to touch. Heaving the monstrous bag to his shoulder, he staggered out with it to the first tee.

Not a living soul was to be seen. Now the wide, empty Atlantic was stippled with sunset; the mountain ravines were filling with dark shadow. Crickets chirred among the cactus; the evening breeze fluttered the little red flags.

He was in heaven. But as he was loosening up with a few preliminary swings with Captain Campbell's driver, which was not much too big for him, he heard a car approaching.

Surprised, he lowered the club, watched the car come bumping up the track. The car had foreign number-plates, and the man who pulled up and got out was a young man, tall and leathery, with wiry dark hair.

He wore old grey flannels and a short-sleeved khaki shirt. He walked over to Crespin with a friendly grin and addressed him in fluent but erratic Portuguese.

"Who's in charge here, son?" he asked. "Senhor Diogo, sir," said Crespin. "He's at his cooking."

"Never get between a man and his cooking," said the stranger. He looked over the course with speculative grey eyes, then turned his attention to Crespin again. "That's a fine bag of clubs you've got there," he said. "You pretty good at this game?"

"I went round in forty yesterday," vaunted Crespin.

"Is that good?" said the affable stranger. "Well, look, son—what's your name? Crespin? Mine's Steve. I'll tell you how I'm placed, Crespin," said Steve. "I'm an engineer. I'm here to install some new British mining machinery at those mines up the coast."

Please turn to page 18



Crespin put his hand on his donkey's harness and broke into an urgent run.

Illustrated by

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SOFT — STRONG — DOUBLY ABSORBENT

STEVE continued: "I heard about this golf course. I've always been meaning to try my hand at the game, and, as I'll be here for a few months and there's not much else to do, now's my chance. This Senhor Diogo—is he the pro? Could he give me a lesson or two?"

"Senhor Diogo?" Crespin couldn't help laughing. "He knows nothing of golf, Senhor. There's nobody."

"That's bad," said Steve. Then he brightened. "But what about you, Crespin? From the look of that bag of clubs, you know enough about the game to show me, anyway, how to start. What about you giving me a lesson? I'd pay for the instruction, of course."

"Me?" said Crespin. He was amazed, flattered; and, besides, a little extra money would please his mother. "Willingly, Senhor."

"Fine!" Steve rubbed his hands. "How about starting here and now? I'll buy some clubs to-morrow, but just for this evening perhaps you'd let me try my hand with yours?"

Crespin was horrified. He clutched Captain Campbell's driver protectively to his chest.

"But that is impossible!" "Sorry," said Steve. "Naturally, you wouldn't want me handling fine clubs like those. But perhaps you could find some old one knocking about in the club-house?"

"No, sir," said Crespin. Then a thought struck him. He darted off to the locker-room and in a minute came beaming back with the disused, ancient cleveland from Captain Campbell's locker.

"This seems to have had its day, don't you think?" said Steve, wagging the cleveland experimentally. "Now, what do I have to do?"

"You grip the club—so," said Crespin, frowning in the gravity of these rites of initiation. "The feet one disposes—so. The body relaxes, loose, easy."

"With the strength—mostly of the left hand, you raise the club back over the right shoulder. Then with the sweep of the right hand—Bam! Oh, good, Senhor Steve—very, very good!"

"It's a kind of rhythm," said Steve, after a few practice swipes. "It seems to come naturally to me, don't you think? How about my trying it with a ball now, if you have one?"

"I have one," said Crespin. "Ah, Senhor Steve, what a feeling you'll experience now! Ecstasy!" He kissed his bunched finger-tips, and with a tutor's delight in an apt pupil he clawed dust into a mound with his nails, took the ball from his shorts pocket, tee'd it up. "Remember—easy and smooth," he said. "You keep your head down, I observe where the ball goes."

"This is a big moment in a man's life," said Steve, tensing himself. "Are you ready, maestro?"

"Ready," said Crespin, shutting his eyes against the sunset to gaze far down the course for the ball.

He heard the club, propelled by great strength, swish through the air. There was a sound as of a double-barrelled gunshot and two sections of golf-club whistled past his ear. No ball, however.

He looked round in bewilderment to see his lusty pupil clutching a stump of shaft in powerful hands, gazing down

with an expression of stupefaction at a ball smugly unmoved.

"What did I do?" asked Steve.

"You hit the ground, Senhor," said his tutor. "Extraordinary thing," said Steve. "Well, lucky you didn't let me use one of the good clubs."

"Yes, sir," said Crespin fervently. "very lucky."

That night he dreamed again about the little red flags. Usually, when he dreamed about the little flags, he wore a seraphic smile. But his dream to-night was a hideous one.

In it a giant with a fiendish grin stalked the golf course, snapping down the flags like matchsticks under seven-league boots bristling with nails, and bashing Captain Campbell's perfectly matched steel-shafters against boulders.

He woke up in a cold rigor of nightmare.

All around him, here in the attic under the tiles, his small brothers breathed peacefully. Through the square, glassless window aperture streamed moonlight. He stumbled out of bed to feel for three fragments of a golf club.

He carried them to the window, where the moonlight silvered his shirt-tail and bare feet and the pieces in his hands. Relief pumped the air back into his lungs. It was only the old cleveland after all. He fished his shorts from the bed-rail, felt in the pocket. There, along with the precious key of the locker, was a crisp banknote given him by Senhor Steve.

Crespin got back into bed and slept carefree until dawn. The day's work went on. It was after the midday meal at the cottage, when Crespin was setting out with his donkey and his cart of water-jars on his afternoon trip round the village, that he heard a car coming along the lane behind him.

He pulled the donkey to one side. It was about this time that Captain Campbell arrived when he was coming to play. The car pulled up. Captain Campbell leaned out.

"You there, boy, Crespin," he said with his peremptory geniality. "can you get off for an hour? I'll give you a game, test out that claim of—" His white eyebrows shuttled up suddenly. "What's that you've got there? Surely to heaven that's never my cleveland? What? Speak up, boy!"

Crespin, holding out the banknote in one hand and the fragments of the shattered club in the other, began to explain. But the captain bounded out of the car.

In his yachting-cap, white flannels, double-breasted blue jacket, his short figure looked powerful. He snatched the fragments, held them at arm's length in both hands. He stared at them incredulously. His chest swelled. His face turned a deeper shade of brick-red.

"My cleveland," he said, quite softly. "That I've carried for forty years," he added, not so softly. "That was given to me by one of the old-time giants of the game," he continued on a rising note. "That's stood in every locker I ever had from Valparaiso to Shanghai! My lucky cleveland!" thundered Captain Campbell.

Appalled, Crespin saw his world blotted out by a face

The Little Flags

Continued from page 17

thrust within an inch of his own—a suffused face, all bristling white eyebrows and blazing blue eyes.

"What do you mean by it? Who said you could touch my cleveland? Speak up, you scamp!" shouted Captain Campbell. "I said you could use the clubs in my bag. The cleveland wasn't in the bag. What? Speak up! Didn't know?"

"Know or not, don't tell me that was fair wear and tear. Look at it—smashed to smithereens. It took horseplay to do that. It took a clod-hopping, skylarking, grimacing mountebank of a boy to do that."

"Serves me right," continued Captain Campbell bitterly, "for being simpering fond fool enough to think you were serious about the game, had a gift for it, might arrive somewhere at it. Must've been out of my mind. Taught me a lesson. Never again! Give me the key."

The ground reeled under Crespin's feet. "Senhor Captain—"

"Out with it, you young savage!" Captain Campbell snatched the key from Crespin's hand. He harled the broken cleveland into the car, bounded in, then leaned out to brandish a stubby forefinger in Crespin's face. "I'll see you're never allowed on that course again. Wanton vandalism!" he roared, and letting in his clutch with a jerk that nearly dislocated his neck he shot away in a cloud of dust.

Crespin stood stunned. He could scarcely grasp the extent of his calamity. The shaggy donkey drowsed, twitched its tasselled ears; crickets chirred in the dust. Crespin looked up dazedly at the little red flags dotting the brown hillside, shimmering in visible heat currents. He put a hand into his shorts pocket. No key.

He swallowed. His throat ached. "Arreee," he muttered to the donkey. They moved slowly along the lane.

There was no need to be furtive when that evening he carried the last water-jar, always reserved for his home, round to the back of the cottage. He dumped the jar down carelessly, and slumped beside it on the steps.

Goat-bells chimed sweetly from the slopes; the red flags freckled the hillside. The turkey cock gobbled, inflating his wattles with responsibility as he stalked up to take magisterial note of the suspicious behaviour of the son of the family.

"Crespin!" called a voice from the kitchen.

"Yes, mother?" Crespin gazed up gloomily at the small red flags.

His mother came to the door. She looked with astonishment at a son who usually, at this hour, was but a mere shadow vanishing up the hill. "You are sick, Crespin?" she asked.

He shook his head. Listlessly he held out to her a crumpled banknote.

She took it with an exclamation of wonder. "You have had some great good fortune to-day, Crespin?"

He only looked at her—and looked away, still with the ache in his throat.

"Menfolk's sorrows," she murmured. "Ay-de-mi, what

woman can help?" She went indoors, shaking her head.

Crespin noted a car bumping down the track. Captain Campbell, no doubt, going home after his game.

But presently he heard the car coming along the lane below pull up before the cottage. He heard a horn blare.

Puzzled, he rose, walked round to the front. At the foot of the worn steps leading from the little patio Senhor Steve was getting out of his car.

"Hello," said Steve, cheerfully. "I've been looking all over the golf course for you, Crespin. Old Diogo told me where you lived."

Crespin went slowly down the steps, trying not to let the man more than he could help. "If it is for another lesson, Senhor—"

"Thanks, maestro," said Steve hastily, "but I shall be taking up golf, after all, not now, anyway. No, I came to bring you this."

From the car he lifted out a brand-new bag of steel-shafted, matched golf clubs. He thrust the bag into Crespin's hands.

"For you, maestro," said Steve. "And I've had a word with Diogo. You can play up there as much as you like—and once in a while I'll try to run you down to Estoril for some coaching (from the gym there). He parted Crespin's shoulder. "You stood by me, maestro, and I'll stand by you."

Crespin stared at the bag of clubs he held. His? He wondered if he was dreaming again. His heart thumped. He looked up, stammering, "I—I—I don't understand, Senhor."

"I had dinner at Captain Campbell's house last night," said Steve. "I met him a week ago, when I landed. Crespin, all he could talk about last night was you and his dandied old cleveland."

"I tell you, Crespin, I was expecting him every minute to round on me and say you'd told him that I was the one who broke it. But no. No, Crespin," said Steve, "you hadn't given me away. You stood by me like a good 'un."

Steve got back into his car.

"Of course," he said, "I'll tell the old man the rights of it—but I know you'll understand if I leave it till he's simmered down a bit. Why, if he had the slightest suspicion that I was the blunder who broke that club, I'd never be asked to his house again. You can imagine how I'd feel, Crespin. After all, you've seen her yourself—"

"Seen—seen whom, Senhor?" Crespin stammered.

"Who? Why, the Senhorita Rosalind, of course—Captain Campbell's niece!" said Steve, and drove off.

And Crespin, bewildered by adult enigmas, stood gazing after the car for a long time. Then he took down at the great bag of clubs he held. His!

He ran a brown hand over the shining heads, touching each in turn, wonderingly, scarcely believing. They were most beautiful. He turned and looked up. From the brown hillside, as from the hillside of all truly civilised lands the world over, the little red flags fluttered a gay invitation in the evening breeze.

(Copyright)

Gift from the heart

By FRANK
O'ROURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY GREEN

CAROL WALTERS had not slept well during the night, but turned restlessly on her bed, ears attuned to the small, mysterious night sounds of the house and the surrounding land. She dreamed of indefinite spells and lay open-eyed through others, thinking of the wedding and the bike and her brother. It was strange, she thought, how three disconnected things could be so closely related and mean so much. She even had a silly dream in which she argued with herself, saying wordlessly, "If I didn't have a brother, he couldn't get married, and I would have my new bike. She woke after this dream, ashamed of herself. She heard her mother's voice calling her: "Carol! Carol! Get up!"

She jumped guiltily from bed and rushed through washing and combing her thick brown hair. Her new dress and shoes were laid out neatly on a chair and she smiled, thinking how she would look in the dress with the long skirt. She ran downstairs and found her parents and brother sitting at the kitchen table. She grinned at her brother, who drank coffee nervously and kept drumming his fingers on the table.

"Eat your breakfast, Carol," her mother said.

She said, "I'm not hungry, Mother."

"You'll eat," her mother said sternly. "Nobody around here wants to eat. You'd think our wedding was the end of the world."

Her father ended all argument. "Carol, eat your breakfast."

"Yes," she said meekly. "I suppose I'm hungry."

"Well," her father said, "time to go."

"I'm ready," Joe said thickly.

She watched them get up and move through the house to the front door. Her father called, "Your Uncle Vic will be here in a minute, Carol. You ride into town with him. And come straight into the church. Hear?"

"Yes, I'll be there, Dad," she answered.

The front door closed and the dog barked, then quieted at her father's gruff command, and she heard the car start and move down the lane and towards town. She ate bananas and cream, trying hard not to think of the bike, but the past summer returned in a rush of memory. She had worked all summer to earn the bike money, and now her brother was getting married and she could not get the bike. Somehow, having made the decision two days ago, she felt much older and wiser.

Her Uncle Vic had told her the night before to make peace with her own conscience before they went to the wedding, and Uncle Vic was always right.

She had wanted the bike badly that spring, but the previous summer's money had been spent long ago for school clothes and supplies, and some went into the savings account for her education. She talked seriously with her father about the bike, and he said, "New bikes cost a lot, Carol. I'd get you one, but I think you ought to earn the money yourself. What do you think?"

"I suppose so," she said, "but last summer I saved only thirty-five dollars, Dad. And a good bike costs over fifty."

"Did you work real hard last summer?" her father asked.

"Well," she said, "not too hard."

"Listen, Carol," her father said, "you can save fifty dollars this summer if you try. I'll make you a proposition. You save the bike money and I'll buy your school clothes and supplies. How's that?"

"But . . ." she said uncertainly, "I don't know if I can."

"Don't know," her father chuckled. "You don't know how lucky you are living up here in the lake region. You can sell worms all summer to the tourists. You can baby-sit again. You can pick strawberries, and you know that new patch will bear this year. You can do all kinds of things if you set your mind to it. The tourists will start arriving next week. You can save the money."

She said reluctantly, "Yes, Dad. But I've got to help Mother, and perhaps I won't have time."

"You'll have time," her father said with finality.

She knew better than to argue with her

father after he had given a decision, but when summer started she wasn't sure it could be done. Fifty dollars seemed like an impossible amount of money.

She walked up to the old family home the first morning after school holidays started to ask Uncle Vic what he thought about her chances. Uncle Vic wasn't very old, only twenty-six, and the youngest of her father's brothers. He always had time to talk things over with her. That morning he disappointed her. He said, "Of course you can do it, Carol. How many worms can you dig in a week?"

"I don't know," she said. "What if it's a dry summer, Vic? Grandpa's yard might get all cracked and the worms would go away."

"Fiddle!" Uncle Vic grinned. "You dug a hundred a week last summer, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Let's see," Uncle Vic said. "That's about a dollar a week. Why don't you dig three hundred every week and put up a bigger sign on the corner and really do some business? How often did you baby-sit last summer?"

"Once or twice a week."

"How much?"

"Dollar," she said. "Sometimes more."

"Well, for the love of Mike," Uncle Vic said. "Twice a week is eight dollars a month, twenty-four dollars for the summer. And you didn't even count in strawberry picking. You'll have plenty of money."

Uncle Vic always made her feel better and cheered her into trying harder. She hurried home, helped with the housework, and then found the spade and worm-cans and painted a big sign, saying: "Worms For Sale." Then she sharpened the spade and cleaned out the

cans and walked across to her grandfather's farm.

She went behind the barn and began digging in the moist dirt. She dug and grabbed for worms, thinking about the bike all the time.

Uncle Vic turned out to be right. She dug three hundred worms a week, and the big sign sold every one of the passing fishermen.

She did baby-sitting twice a week and picked strawberries for her father, and by August she knew the bike was no longer a dream, but reality.

She estimated that her savings would be almost sixty dollars, and only then did she ask Uncle Vic to take her into town and help select a bike.

They picked the best in the shop, for as Uncle Vic explained, though it cost more, it was worth the difference. It cost fifty-five dollars, and the shopkeeper promised to have one whenever she wanted to buy.

She never forgot that day. When she ran into the house, her father and mother were sitting in the kitchen with her brother, all of them smiling with some new delight.

Her father said, "Carol, your brother has something to tell you."

"Yes," Joe said. "Mary and I are going to be married next week, Carol."

She stared at her brother, trying to understand, and she had a wonderful feeling. She had known Mary Benson for years and she knew that Joe and Mary had kept company for a long time.

She said, "Golly, Joe, I didn't think you were going to get married so soon."

All the time she dug for the worms in the moist dirt she was thinking about buying her bike.



Please turn to page 20

Sleeping Beauties

by Lustre



Such lingere as dreams are made of! Silken smooth Volvray, blossoming in the delicate flower shades of peach, honeysuckle, lilac and white rose. Nightgowns that sweep in graceful folds, luxuriously frothed with lace. Pyjamas with a piquant lady femininity of their own. Slimly tailored slips, scanties, vests, pantlettes... lovely with lace... and lovely because they're Lustre!



Lace trimmed slip in peach and white rose. Also worst slip.



Bra-top vest and scanties with lavish trim in peach and white rose.



Slim tailored pantlettes with delicate lace trim in peach and white rose.



A lavish and lovely nightgown in enchanting flower pastels—lilac, honeysuckle, peach and white rose.



Waking or Sleeping... you're lovelier in Lustre

UNCLE VIC had once said that giving something to someone you loved should come from the heart.

If she gave them something lasting, it would cost a lot of money and she might not have enough left for the bike. She wanted that bike more than anything she had ever desired, but she loved Joe and Mary; this was something she could not decide by herself.

That night after supper she excused herself and went outside and ran up the road to Uncle Vic, who was sitting on the back porch smoking.

"What's up?" Uncle Vic said.

"I want to talk," she said. "I want to get a wedding present for Joe and Mary. What would be something extra nice?"

Uncle Vic frowned. "Something useful; something they can both use in their home."

"What do they need?" she said.

"Depends on how much you want to spend," Uncle Vic said quietly.

"I don't care," she said, finally getting the words out. "I want the best."

"What about the bike?" Uncle Vic asked softly.

"You've got about sixty dollars, haven't you?"

"Yes," she said. "Maybe I won't be able to get it."

"You want to do this?" Uncle Vic asked.

"I do," she said. "I won't ever see them get married again, Vic."

"Wait," Uncle Vic said. "You won't be giving them something as a duty, will you?"

"No," she said. "I want to, Vic."

Uncle Vic coughed. "You know, Carol, if you didn't want to give them something good, I'd think something was wrong with you. I just want you to know I think it is the best decision you ever made."

"But you won't tell anybody, will you?" she asked anxiously. "Dad might be mad about me spending my money this way."

Uncle Vic said, "Not a soul. But what will you tell your dad?"

"I'll think of something."

"It'll take a long time to save that much money again," Uncle Vic said thoughtfully.

"I don't care," she said. "I want you to help me pick a present, Vic. I had one idea. You know how Joe likes music. I'd like to give them a radiogram. Have I got enough money for one?"

"I think so," Uncle Vic said. "Listen, I'm going into town to-morrow. Let me look around, Carol. I'll come over to-morrow night and tell you what I found."

She waited through an agonisingly long day until Uncle Vic came over the next night and, after talking with the family, managed to get outside with her for a few minutes. He had found a very good second-hand radiogram. He had played records and listened to the tone, and it was a bargain at fifty dollars.

"You sure?"

"Yes," she said. "I know you will," Uncle Vic said. "Now I've got another idea. I'll get a record to play when they open it—the 'Wedding March.'"

Gift from the Heart

Continued from page 19

"That's good," she laughed. "When do you want the money, Vic?"

"Bring it over some afternoon," Uncle Vic said. "I'll get the radiogram, and you come over to-morrow night and try it."

The next night she slipped away and ran down the road to Uncle Vic's. She gave him the money and followed him into the kitchen and saw the radiogram on the table.

"It's wonderful, Vic," she said.

"I got the record," Uncle Vic said. "Now to get it into the house. You know, we're all coming back to your place for breakfast after the wedding. I told your father that I'd take you with me to the church. When they leave, I'll bring it over and we'll put it in the lounge, and then follow them into town. That way nobody will know until they come back. How's that?"

"Wonderful."

Then the days flew past and it was the night before the wedding. When she was in bed Joe came in and sat beside her.

"Sleepy?" Joe asked.

"Not much," she grinned. "I'll bet you can't sleep."

"No," said Joe. "I thought we might have a little talk, this being the last time we'll be together like this."

They were silent, and then Joe said, "Dad and Vic and everybody are going to build us a garage on my land across the road. We'll live in it until prices get decent, so we can build a house."

"I hope you and Mary are happy, Joe," she said.

Joe got up and tousled her hair. "Good-night, Carol."

"Good-night, Joe," she whispered.

And then it was morning and her breakfast was eaten and she heard Uncle Vic's car come up the lane and stop. Then Uncle Vic came through the side door, carrying the radiogram and calling: "Ready?"

"I'm ready, Vic," she said. "Gosh, you wrapped it."

It was wrapped in white paper and tied with a big bow made from red satin ribbon. She showed Vic where to put it in the lounge.

"I put the card on top of the record," Uncle Vic said.

She remembered all the trouble, trying to find the right words, and how she had finally written, "Love, Carol."

"We must hurry," Uncle Vic said. "Come on."

They ran outside to the car and drove to town. People were standing around in front of the church, talking, and everyone smiled at her.

She slipped into the seat beside her mother.

"Just made it," her mother whispered. Then the organ began playing.

She had never watched a wedding before. The music played deeply and she saw Mary and her father coming down the aisle. She watched breathlessly while they walked to the altar, where Joe waited.

Then the minister was speaking the words, and Joe and Mary were answering in unnaturally low voices, and all at once it was over, so quickly she decided it was pretty easy to get married, after all. Joe kissed Mary and everybody started laughing and talking.

Then she drove home with Uncle Vic, and they arrived before anyone else and sat on the porch.

Everybody was coming now, driving into the yard and trooping into the house.

Then she heard music in the house; it was the same music played in the church only deeper and clearer. She blushed and trembled and hugged her knees tightly. They were playing the record. She hoped they would like it.

Then she heard Joe calling: "Carol! Carol!"

"Go on in," Uncle Vic said. "No," she said. "I don't want to."

The front door opened and she saw Joe and Mary. They tried to leap up and run, but they caught her, lifting her up and hugging her.

"Carol!" Mary said. "Carol! Thank you for the nicest present I ever got!"

She said, "I hope you like it."

"Like it!" Joe said. "It's wonderful, Carol!"

She saw her father then, standing on the porch, staring at her with an odd expression. She thought, "Oh, oh! and was afraid he would say something about her present."

But he only crooked a finger and said, "Carol, come here."

When she went to him he said, "That's a fine present."

"Yes," she said doubtfully. "Run out to the garage and get my pipe. I left it in my old overall jacket out there."

She said, "Right," happy to escape before her father changed his mind and gave her a lecture on saving hard-earned money. Uncle Vic got up and walked beside her to the garage.

"Want to go fishing this afternoon?" he said.

"Yes," she said, "if Dad and Mother won't care."

"They won't," he replied, and his eyes twinkled.

She pushed back the garage doors and stepped inside, and then she said, "Oh, golly!"

The bike stood in the corner of the empty garage, red and white and gleaming like the sun. The front wheel was pointing straight at her. She saw the card tied to the handle-bars and she made out the words: "For our daughter."

She turned and said, "Vic!"

Uncle Vic pushed the outer door open and smiled. "Don't stand there, Carol. Start riding."

"Vic," she said, "you said..."

"I crossed my fingers when I crossed my heart," Uncle Vic said gently. "I liked that bike myself. I didn't think waiting was a good idea. Are you mad at me, Carol?"

She said, "Oh, no. But... but I thought Dad would be mad."

"He was," Uncle Vic said solemnly. "So mad he went right into town and bought the bike as soon as I told him."

She took the handle-bars in both small, tanned hands and wheeled the bike through the open doors into the yard. She put one leg over the curved bars and tested the pedals. And then she couldn't wait any longer. She was in the seat and pedalling down the lane, going fast now with the wind brushing her face, riding along the road and between the trees, under the sailing white clouds.

(Copyright)



A telephone ring couldn't raise her. Perhaps what she wanted was a ring on her finger....

Silent Line

By Robert C. Dennis

Illustrated by Broadhurst.

THAT was one thing about Betts, he thought, as he put the pennies in the slot; there was never any explaining to do.

If he hadn't already concluded that he'd been too busy to telephone—Betts, which was true—all he had to say was how long the week had been because he hadn't heard her voice. And that, too, was true. It was never necessary to make a song out of it. With Betts you knew where you stood.

He'd say, "I've got tickets for 'Passing Fancy,'" and she'd say, "How wonderful! Come early and I'll give you a drink." It was a nice, comfortable, civilised relationship. He didn't have to fumble for her phone number—Central 1066. It was easy to remember—the Battle of Hastings, and all that. It seemed symbolic that she should have a number that could be so effortlessly recalled.

The phone buzzed twice, and then the click as the connection was made. A voice, not Betts', said, "What number were you calling, please?"

"Central 1066," he said. "I'm sorry, that number has been changed." He said, "Oh," a little blankly, and then, "Well, give me the new number, operator."

"I'm sorry, the subscriber has requested us not to give out the new number."

"That's ridiculous," he exclaimed. "I'm an old friend of—" And that sounded ridiculous, so he said quietly, "Never mind, operator."

He had suddenly remembered something. Central 1066 had been a silent line. Betts had acquired it about a year ago, and the conversation they'd had that day came back with startling fidelity. She'd rung him at his flat...

"I just wanted to give you my new phone number," she said. "I had it changed and it's silent."

"You ought to pay your bills," he said. "Then you wouldn't need a silent line."

She'd laughed. "It wasn't entirely because of my creditors. I simply got tired of getting rings at inconvenient hours from people I don't particularly care for."

"I'm glad I'm not on that list."

"Not at the moment, anyway. If you ever are," she had laughed, "I'll change numbers again!"

"And I'll go out and drink a neat toast to a lost love!"

It hadn't been exactly Noel Coward, but it had seemed bright and warm and full of the good feeling they had for each other. Their laughter had been mutual applause for each other's jokes...

Some joke...

His first reaction was to go right over to her little bachelor flat and live it out with her. If she wanted to call it off, she could at least have the courage to tell him so to his face. After all they had meant to each other, he'd say bitterly—after a year and a half he felt entitled to the consideration of being informed it was all over by her, not by a telephone operator!

His anger didn't last. He had been warned that this was the way she'd do it, and in all honesty he had to admit that it was the most civilised way. There were no tattered ends left hanging and no bitter recriminations. It had been done neatly and surgically. He had no complaints on that score.

He left the phone-box, walking just a little woodenly and holding his stomach in tightly against the first rush of pain. Half-way home he turned into a bar and had a quiet drink. But he wasn't quite up to composing a sad toast...

He would get over her in time. He knew that. The thing to do was to concentrate on all the reasons why it would not have worked out, anyway. Of course, she'd been fun to be with; they'd always had plenty to talk about and they liked all the same things.

But there'd be other girls, even if he couldn't expect to find one who came so close to beating him at tennis that he was never required to let her win a set. And Betts did know when to yell at a football game. Football games were a lot of fun with Betts.

She got so magnificently indignant when the referee failed to call off-side (most women didn't even know what off-side was!) and she'd hold his hand under the rug they spread over their laps and throw him a beautifully seductive wink when he squeezed her gloved fingers...

He caught himself half-grinning at the recollection. Time to go home before he became mellow—and then maudlin.

His phone was ringing when he walked in and he had a quick wild hope that it was Betts. But, of course, it wasn't. It was Andy Sims, full of boisterous good cheer.

"I've been ringing you for the last hour. How about you and Betts hopping right over here. June is mixing a salad and I'm going to grill steak."

"Well," he stalled, "I—I had tickets for a show to-night—"

"There'd be plenty of time," Andy boomed. "We'll excuse your bad manners of eating and running."

"I'd have to talk to Betts," he said cravenly. "She might be busy... or something."

"Okay, ring her and let me know right away. And ask Betts how she likes her steak."

Ring Betts! he thought.

"I'm sorry, the subscriber has requested us not to give out the new number."

Telling all their friends was going to be the difficult part. It had been a generally accepted thing that they would eventually marry.

And no doubt he would have married her—he hadn't taken out any girl but Betts for over a year—but there hadn't seemed any hurry. He was young and life was full, so why tie himself down? He wasn't ready for responsibilities.

It was just that—well, he didn't know really. Getting married was such a formidable undertaking—something like that first dive into a cold pool. It took a little doing.

And then there was the housing shortage. He couldn't have moved a canary into his place, and Betts' flat was no larger.

You really couldn't start a married life under those circumstances. Of course, he realised now he should have started looking for a bigger place months ago. They could have even gone flat-hunting together.

And when he thought about it he could see that it would have been fun with Betts to help him. She would have been so enthusiastic about answering advertisements and going to see possible flats.

Oh, well, it was too late now. No use thinking about what he should have done.

He got up to get his cigarettes from his coat. The tickets to "Passing Fancy" were in the same pocket. Well, he certainly wouldn't be using these! Even if he could find a girl at this late hour, he was in no mood for a lot of small talk.

June and Andy could use them, except they'd want explanations. He could either tear them up or put them away with the two letters from Betts, written last summer when she was on her holidays. Someday when he was a lonely old man he'd come across them, yellowed, fragile mementoes of a lost love.

Now he was getting melodramatic. He'd better start organising his thoughts to ring Andy—

The phone started ringing. For a moment he considered ignoring it, but that was only postponing the inevitable. Far better to tell Andy the truth...

He picked up the receiver and Betts' voice said, "Billy, I just rang to—"

"Betts!" His knees were weak. He blurted, "I love you, Betts. You didn't know that, did you?"

"Well, you never put it so succinctly before," she said. "But a girl can hope, can't she?"

"Look," he said. "I love you—I want to marry you. I've wanted to for a long time."

"Why, darling, is this a proposal?"

"Yes." He was nearly shouting.

"That's right, I'm proposing. Will you marry me?"

"But why—it's so sudden... Oh dear," she said, "I don't mean to sound trite. What's come over you, Billy?"

"Nothing," he said. He was calm now. "I was thinking. Will you, Betts?"

"Of course I'll marry you, darling." Her voice was tender.

"I'll be there in a tick." He had forgotten "Passing Fancy" and Andy's steaks!

"Wait, darling," she stopped him. "Yesterday I moved into a new flat—simply enormous. That's why I telephoned to give you my new address and phone number. I didn't want you to ring and get any funny ideas—"

"Ha-ha," he laughed a trifle hollowly. That was one thing about Betts, he thought, you knew where you stood! "I wasn't worried for a moment."

(Copyright)



The operator was telling him that the number had been changed and she could not give him the new one.

Daughter of the House

MAURA couldn't tell, when she lifted herself on to a stool at the bar in The Stag on that night of late summer in 1949, that she was going to fall in love with a man who sat two stools away from her. She had always thought there would be a warning of some sort, but there wasn't, so she merely smiled at Jeremy behind the bar and asked for a gin.

He looked along sideways at her. "We've been expecting you since six," he said. "Couldn't get away from the office."

"Traffic bad?"

"It's very congested on the Southend road. Everyone's making for the coast to catch the last week-end of the season."

He shook his head. "The summer isn't over yet."

She shrugged and tipped the gin, deciding that, whatever Jeremy said, at the end of her ten days here she would put Rainbird up on the slips and close the cottage for the winter. She sat facing the rows of bottles and glasses, letting the fatigue of the drive down from London fall away from her.

Without turning her head she pictured the scene within the room; the deep, comfortable chairs occupied by the nightly regulars—to whom she would presently nod with a pleasing sense of familiarity—the polished brass upon the walls, and the few pieces of old china gleaming chastely from the mantel, and below, the big hearth which in summer Jeremy's wife, Willa, filled with flowers—perhaps now already blazing with early chrysanthemums.

This call at The Stag before the last short drive up the lane to the cottage had long ago become custom. It established the fact of her arrival in the village; it was in that way much more than just a courtesy to Willa and Jeremy, who were her friends.

In the morning she would go down to the boat-shed, and old Able would greet her there with inquiries about the cause of her lateness at The Stag this evening. This attitude of theirs, sometimes irritating, was at least solid. It gave her the blessed sense of belonging.

Jeremy came back to her. "Weather all right in London?"

"Bit thundery, I thought, Jeremy. You know how it's been all this summer—we live, expecting the weather to break. I was glad to get out of it."

"Your father's well?"

"Yes, he's well. He loathes the heat, of course, but he never lets it force him to alter his habits."

"And Chris and Tom?"

She nodded and smiled. "Father passed a rather important brief on to Chris this week, and then suggested that he stay behind in the evenings and work on it. Chris didn't like it much—but I must say he settles to work more easily these days."

"And what news about Tom?"

"Nothing new—still at the Ministry. He's going to leave it in the spring and go back to Ireland."

"He doesn't come here very much, Maura?"

He questioned her with the statement.

"You know what it's like, Jeremy . . . they all think I'm impossibly independent and smug about the cottage, so they leave me to get on with it. Though I think Tom's secretly rather approving of anything that's independent. He's the last person in the world to try to push around."

Jeremy let the remark pass without comment, though certainly he had long wondered about the exact relationship between these cousins and whether they would ever marry.

They could not be said to be in love—at least not in the way Jeremy remembered he had been in love with Willa—but there was a comfortable friendship which, lasting through the four years since the war, seemed likely to drift into marriage.

Looking at her and becoming aware that the man separated from her by the two empty stools was also looking at her, he remembered that he had neglected to make them known to each other.

"Maura, could I introduce Johnnie Sedley, who's staying here. Maura de Courcey."

She turned towards him.

"How do you do?" he said. The introduction was acknowledged with the formality of an Englishman, with the difference that he spoke with an American accent. He was also wearing a loose white T-shirt in the fashion that seemed to belong solely to Americans.

"Willa told me you were coming," he said. "She's been in here several times this evening looking for you."

"Have you been here long?" she said. It was conventional, and she felt a little foolish, but there was nothing else to say.

"About ten days," he replied. "I suppose I'll stay until the weather changes."

"I thought most Americans didn't let weather interfere."

"I'm not most Americans."

"I'm sorry."

Abruptly he slipped across the empty stools to the one beside her.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bark like that. I just get so used to the line the rest of the world takes about Americans being the eternal tourists that I begin seeing it where it doesn't exist. This happens to be my particular part of the country, and I like to imagine everyone else can spot the difference a mile off."

"Oh . . . were you here during the war?"

"No. I did a post-graduate course at Cambridge before the war—and my great-grandfather's family lived near Kings Lynn."

"Then I'm doubly sorry," she said, and laughed a little.

He thought she looked nice when she laughed, though he had decided in those first minutes when she had lifted herself on to the stool and asked for a drink that she wasn't in the least beautiful or even handsome.

Jeremy said, before he moved away from them, "You should tell her about your third cousin, once removed, in Kings Lynn. Maura would like that story."

"Oh . . . my cousin," he repeated.

After a moment, he went on, "Yes, my cousin's a nice little woman who lives in Kings Lynn, as Jeremy told you. When I was at Cambridge I went to find out what had become of the Sedleys—there'd been no contact after my great-grandfather went to America. I found the place where they used to live, a rather nice farm with one of those very small, half-timbered manor houses. It had been sold about twenty years before, and the people sent me to a Miss Janet Sedley who ran a library in Kings Lynn."

He looked down at his glass, twisting it.

"She didn't know what to make of me at first," he continued. "I was American and she hadn't spoken to many Americans before. And, besides that, I was at Cambridge, and that was suspect, too. But we got on quite well, and the Sunday after that I took her over to Cambridge for the day. I think she enjoyed it—at least I didn't drive a little red sports car as she expected."

He smiled gently. "She told me, primarily that her father had died 'without male issue' and that she couldn't cope with the farm. She was rather gentle and Victorian. She's still alive, and very old now—I went to see her last week. It was rather funny—touching, I suppose—to see how proud she was of all the American servicemen she'd given tea to during the war. She told me far more than I ever knew about Kansas and Little Rock and Atlanta. As I said . . . she's a nice little woman."

Then he raised his head and looked at her. "I suppose you think I'm naive and slightly ridiculous—like all Americans are about their connections in this country?"

"Why do you have to spoil it?" she said. "I think Miss Janet Sedley is a nice little woman, too. And I don't think it's ridiculous to be pleased about discovering where you belong. You've lived here—you ought to know the English better."

"Yes . . . yes, I should understand the English much better than I do. But somehow I manage to put my foot into it, and follow immediately afterwards with the other foot. Like now."

"You haven't done anything very dreadful," she said, a little flatly.

And the American, watching her, knew why her mouth drooped from its firm, too-straight line. He knew his last remark should have been gentler, and wondered how it was that anyone so pleasantly restrained and normal as she appeared to be could be so easily startled and made afraid.

He regretted the uncompromising bluntness of what he had said, regretted his lack of manners, regretted most of all that he had caused her to withdraw from him. He tried to think of something to say to her.

"Yours is one of the yachts down at Able's boat-shed?" he asked. "Rainbird . . . do you call it?"

"Yes, that's Rainbird," she said, pleased with the trifling matter of his having remembered the yacht's name. "It belonged to my father's cousin, who lives in Ireland. Even summer before the war I used to sail with him."

"And now?"

"He gave Rainbird to me," she said simply. "During the war he had an uncle who came sailing with him—both his sons were away. And then, afterwards, he didn't want to care so much for it. The last time he sailed her was on the trip over here. We brought her over together."

"He's still alive?"

"Oh, yes. He's not old—really. I think wonder if perhaps he doesn't regret parting with her."

"Not to you," he said briefly, with little intention to flatter or please. "Any fishermen in the village will tell you she's in good hands." He stopped, and then said, "If you breed a crew any time, you can count on me. I'm always around."

"Thanks, I'll remember."



THE AMERICAN WOMEN'S WAR

Our new romantic serial by CATHERINE GASKIN

He said quickly, "I didn't mean to butt

"You're not butting in. I'm always glad of a crew. Not everyone has the time to do with me."

"Just as long as you didn't think . . ."

"No, I didn't."

It was at this moment that a girl in the private bar began to sing. Maura turned towards the open door, as Johnnie did, to get a view of her. She seemed very young, and she was sitting at the piano, playing softly. She sang sweetly, too, but her voice was rich and low, and it reached them through the mingling sounds of that crowded room.

Maura felt that she didn't care that most of the people in the room had dropped into silence; she was singing because she enjoyed it. When she finished her song and began fiddling around on the piano for the start of another, Maura saw suddenly how lovely she was.

She wore a white cotton dress, and sandals on her bare feet, and Maura felt that the skin on her arms would be wonderfully smooth to touch.

"She has a beautiful voice," she said. Then louder to Johnnie, "Do you know her? Is she staying here?"

"Yes. She's my wife."

So thought, because it seemed blundering to have taken it for granted that he was here alone. But he had always said "I" and never "we."

"I'm sorry," she said, with some confusion. "I didn't connect . . ."

"No, of course not. Why should you?"

Gradually the talk in the bar had recommenced, but the girl's voice was still quite clear above it.

"She's very beautiful—your wife."

"Yes. At least I've always thought so."

At the same time he slid off the stool and faced her. "I'll be seeing your around," he said. "Don't forget I'm ready to be crew whenever you say so."

"I won't forget. Good-night."

The suddenness of his going was unexpected. She knew an unaccustomed sense of loneliness as she saw him bend over his wife. The girl rose, smiling slightly, and Johnnie caught her hand in his own. They walked towards the staircase that way.

Maura waited impatiently for Willa, and at the end of ten minutes she saw her come through the private bar, her face radiant with her smile.

"We thought you'd never made it this evening. Mrs. Burnett expected you before six."

Maura smiled back—the very sight of Willa, the catch of eagerness in the other's voice, could make her feel less tired. "I know. I've been badly held up."

"Glad you got here," Willa said gently. Then added, "How long are you down for this time?"

"Until next week-end—at least I'll stay if the weather holds as long as that."

A trace of emotion, of regret, crossed Willa's face. "How quickly the summer passes. It seems such a little while since you got Rainbird out for the first time in the spring. What are you drinking?"

"I won't have another, Willa, thanks. I think I ought to get on to the cottage."

Willa saw that her dead-white skin was stretched with fatigue and that her eyes and hair seemed darker because there was no animation in her face.

"You're tired," she said.

Maura nodded. "It's more than just the journey. Father and Chris have both been working hard, and that means I work hard, too. But Father got fed up with my languishing about; he said if sailing my cranky little boat would make me less irritable then I'd better go and do it for a week."

"You're not irritable—that would be a change."

"Fractious, then. There's no difference, really. But we'll all three of us, you and Jeremy and I, get out in Rainbird, and then nothing matters."

Willa's mouth twisted. "The last sail in Rainbird always means the end of the summer for me now. I hate it when you go."

And Maura, gazing at her small, neat face, wondered for which of all the dear things she did and said one loved Willa most. Her

gaze rested upon the other with affection and contentment.

"I've been talking to your Johnnie Sedley," she told Willa.

"Yes . . . I wondered if he was still here when you came. What do you think of him?"

"He's nice—but he's awfully touchy."

"About some things, yes. But Jeremy and I like him a lot."

"Yes, so do I. He wants to come sailing."

"If you've got room you should take them both. They'd love it—things must get rather dull for them round here. His wife is sweet. Did you meet her?"

"I saw her."

"Lovely creature, isn't she?"

"Yes—quite lovely."

She slid off the stool. "I must go—I'm nearly dropping. I'll be sailing to-morrow afternoon if you want to come."

"Yes—call in on your way down. Jeremy might be able to come, too."

"Fine." She called across her shoulder to him. "Good-night."

"Good-night, Maura."

The homecoming to the cottage was finally achieved, Maura always thought, when the first preliminaries were done with. When she had taken her bag upstairs and read the note from Mrs. Burnett, when she had brought coffee and biscuits from the kitchen and set them down on the table beside the sofa.

Please turn to page 24



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MAURA considered the books and the piano and the record cabinet—all these were very dear to her; they were the accumulation of the past four years, representing a maturity hard-won from the years of war.

She reached for her handbag and found a cigarette. Her father, Desmond, had been rather pitifully disconcerted by this purchase of the cottage. He had not wanted it, as he never wanted anything which might drive even the slightest wedge of separation between him and his children.

Too much love had always been his trouble, and a jealous counting of every small mark of their affection until they were twisted and bound, and seemed at times almost strangled by it.

She remembered clearly his shock when she had bought this cottage and a second-hand car on her discharge from the Army. It had taken all her accumulated Service pay and the little money she had had before the war. He had been hurt, and the months that followed were difficult.

When Tom and Chris had come down to help her paint and redecorate it, he was silent—not even offering his advice, as she had expected, when she went to the sales for the furniture. It had taken much tact, and even more time, to convince Desmond that his London house was still her home.

But his final giving-in had been graceful enough, and now the arrangement worked well enough—at least well enough to allow her to be happy at the cottage. And there was the unhelped-for gift of Rainbird, and exquisite days, like days taken from time itself, sailing on the estuary.

This would have held her to the place even without the companionship of Willa and Jeremy. But always at the back of her mind, like a warm current of contentment, ran the thought that she had Chris and Desmond to return to, that the solidity of their lives would anchor her again. And there was also her cousin, Tom.

She wished she could have fallen in love with Tom four years ago and married him, as he had wanted her to do. But it was like waiting for a wind to stir on a hot, breathless day.

There was no movement towards him, no sudden restless need for him. In the spring, she thought, Tom would give up his job at the Ministry and go back to Ireland. And in the spring she would be thirty.

She stubbed her cigarette into the saucer and began to make the first unwilling movements towards going upstairs.

Johnnie turned his head a fraction so the sun didn't shine directly in his eyes. His body leaned with conscious relaxation against the seat and the fingertips of one hand gently stroked the wheel.

Comfortable, and with no apparent need for hurry, he yet strained for the first sounds of Irene's coming, for the lateness of the hour and the restlessness of the morning had seized him; he knew a need for movement,

Daughter Of The House

Continued from page 23

a desire to catch up with what had already slipped by.

He pictured how Irene would look when she appeared, running towards the car with swift, smooth movements. Her face would be as alive as the morning itself. He turned eagerly as the door opened and she stepped out into the sunlight.

Willa came following behind her. "Johnnie, I'm going up the hill a bit. Would you drop me?"

"Sure," he said, and opened the door. "We're not heading for anywhere in particular. Where do you want to go?"

"I want to see Maura de Courcey. The cottage is about half a mile along the lane."

He nodded. "Ready, Irene?"

The Sunday morning village was aloof and unconcerned as Johnnie turned the car and swung away from it.

"Turn up on the left," Willa said, and he obeyed, sounding the horn impatiently.

The summer hedges were tall and thick above the lane. Johnnie could see nothing beyond or behind them. The feeling of bound closeness which had oppressed him in the village would not go. He felt a prickle of irritation.

"Why should anyone want to live here?" he demanded of Willa abruptly. "It's shut in. You can't see a thing."

"Maura's cottage is at the top."

Irene said, "Does she live there alone?"

"Yes."

"How lonely!" She glanced across at Johnnie. Willa saw her visibly reassuring herself of his reality, his presence.

"Does she come often?"

"Almost every week-end of the spring and summer." Then Willa recalled what Maura had said about closing the cottage, and she added thoughtfully, "We miss her badly when she goes—Jeremy and I. We've grown used to counting the weeks by her comings and goings."

Irene asked, "What does she do—in London, I mean?"

"She has a degree in law. She works with her father and brother."

"And she sails, doesn't she? She owns the boat—what's it called, Johnnie—Rainbird?"

"Yes," said Willa. "She sails and listens to music and cooks a little—none of them too intensely."

The hedges finished abruptly at the top of the hill. Johnnie stopped the car before the cottage and turned to look about him. Suffolk on the other side of the river was neat with hedged fields and church spires, but the scene belonged wholly to the life of the estuary. The changing, twisting, baffling stretch of the Stour was the significant point of the landscape.

Tidal creeks, slipping secretly through the fields, until now never guessed at, were mercilessly sought out and exposed by the sun-shallow waters glinting like dull grey satin under a net of tall rushes and

weeds. There was a view of green marshes and woodlands and of a flight of geese rising with a bold sweep from glistening mudflats.

Johnnie looked back towards the cottage. Maura was walking down the path towards them. He thought he altered from the person he had remembered two nights ago at The Stag. She was freer, for one thing, movements easy and without strain. She smiled at them without that trace of weariness.

"I'd thought you'd forgotten, Willa."

"How long is it since I've missed a Sunday-morning gossip with you? Not once this whole summer."

Willa motioned towards Irene. "Maura, you haven't met Johnnie's wife, have you?"

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This is Irene Sedley—Maura de Courcey.

They smiled an acknowledgment to each other, and Maura caught a suggestion of unexpected shyness in the other's face. It destroyed her first image of Johnnie's wife — the self-possessed young woman who had sung in the crowded bar of The Stag as if it had been deserted, whose head had turned only in answer to Johnnie's touch.

She regarded them both with interest, and then, without fully knowing why, she allowed them to break into her hour alone with Willa. She asked them to come in.

They offered a first polite refusal, and then with no more hesitation followed Willa inside the cottage. They found their places easily in the room; Willa went to her usual chair, Irene leaned against the mantel; Johnnie stood with his back towards them, staring through the window down towards the river.

"I like the view," he said. He gestured to include the room. "It's nice here."

For a second Maura allowed her eyes to stay with him. She thought, until he spoke, his face was faintly attractive. There was a suggestion of arrogance, too, in the way he wore his clothes—feet thrust in worn, loose sandals, his white T-shirt drooping carelessly about his hips.

But he had caught her eye upon him, and grinned to show that he was aware of it and to make her aware of it also. She smiled back, turning to where the drinks stood upon a side-table.

When she had handed around the glasses, Maura took a seat facing Willa and Johnnie. Irene had begun to wander about the room, glass in hand, tracing book titles, peering with a vaguely defined gaze at the light before the ease of poplar-blue salvas, and at last stayed motionless beside the piano, her body resting against its curve.

The talk between Willa and Johnnie forced Maura's attention back to them.

"... a bomb that was meant for the Harwich docks fell in the field behind it," Willa said, "and stopped the clock. It's never been working since. It was a good thing they didn't take the stained glass away."

Johnnie said, "I remember the stained glass from the first time I saw it."

"You've been in the village before this?" Maura asked him.

"Yes, sure. I came over one week-end from Cambridge. I came over with two men from college and we had some sailing with people they knew. I've stayed at The Stag. It didn't look quite so smart in those days." He grinned at Willa. "I told Irene I'd take her to a completely unspoiled East Anglian village."

"But it hasn't changed all that much?"

"No. The change is in me, not the village. I don't quite know what I expected to find by coming back here."

Maura said slowly, "I wonder what it is we all look for when we go back to the past. I wonder if we hope we'll find a part of our past selves that was better than we are now—a sort of happier ghost."

"Whatever it is we hope for," Johnnie said, "we don't find it. Perhaps that's a good thing."

But as he spoke he looked at where Irene stood. Without knowing why she should do so, Maura's eyes followed his. Still resting in the curve of the piano, Irene had turned, and they couldn't see her face. But they were made aware of the tenderness of her body, and a faint hostility. There was even, Maura thought, a suggestion of pain.

It was then that Johnnie's gaze caught Maura's for just a second, and held it. Neither expression changed by a fraction, but when the glance was at last broken they had advanced a step towards familiarity.

Please turn to page 26

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 5, 1952

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Daughter Of The House

Continued from page 24

WILLA was conscious of the whole happening. She tilted her glass slowly, wondering what to say. During that few seconds' break in the conversation something had happened individually to each of the three, and she alone had been outside it.

She spoke, and her words were a deliberate provocation to more talk, and thus a release for Maura's emotion.

"If war should come again . . . her face held a courageous acceptance of what she feared and dreaded . . . it is these years, these days—Sunday mornings like these—that will be our ghosts. These will be the times into which we'll try to retrace our steps."

Johnnie said, "But our memories cheat us. There's so little accuracy or truth about what we remember. Our memory of peace wasn't true when we went back to it after the war. The world had changed so much that when we tried to pick up as we left off and found it wouldn't work, we ceased to believe what our memories told us."

Maura shivered in just a second's comprehension of his meaning—that nothing was so permanent in one's mind that its memory was indestructible, or untouched by decay. She wanted to protest, even vainly, against it.

But it was Irene who spoke, who made them feel her desperate conviction. "It seems so important to me that we should strive to hold a memory of everything that has ever happened to us—and to believe in it. It's only the memory of the past which gives the present its value."

It was a grave little speech, strained and conventional, and it drew all their attention to her to her vague unhappiness. This faint grief became her wonderfully, gave her face a rigid, uncompromising beauty.

It seemed impossible that Johnnie did not turn his head and see it. His inattention was not unkind. It meant merely that he was absorbed in a thought no one else could share. He walked a solitary way, as they all did at times, and Willa reflected that Irene would have to learn the loneliness of waiting for his return. Johnnie's years of war would forever cut them apart. His wife could know only what the war had made him, never what he had once been.

Irene broke their mood of uncase. She slipped on to the piano stool, and her fingers traced through a strange little tune—scarcely a tune at all, so soft, so low and hesitating. They began to talk, disconnected scraps which the string of notes threaded together somehow.

Johnnie, glancing over his

shoulder, exchanged a half-smile with her, and the moments of her unhappiness were gone.

Fragments of cloud darkened the sky and Johnnie wondered if it meant that rain was in the way. The quiet of the afternoon had given to the country-side its own touch of intimacy—so that he, with his alien love of England, was, for these moments, almost a native, with a native's sense of possession and pride.

He was alone, because the desire for quiet which bested him sometimes had driven him from The Stag. Irene, who knew the mood, had let him go unprotesting. He felt ashamed, sometimes, when he considered his selfish demands upon Irene's goodness and courage. She was so young, he thought, to suffer so much because of this sense of discontent which sickened him.

The calm and the deserted lanes had given him some sense of quiet, blunting the edges of his restlessness. His feeling for solitude was gone, replaced by an urge for talk and company, but not the sort which would bring him back at The Stag.

So he turned up the lane which led to Maura's cottage, not hesitating, but still with a great certainty that his own could be met.

When the high, dark hedge broke and he saw the windows of the cottage, the sound of music halted him. He listened for a time, then moved forward more slowly. The door remained open as it had been that morning, and he stood within the deep frame and gazed into the sitting-room.

He could smile now at his own arrogance in coming here, wondering if Maura could recognise his mood and fall in with it. He felt humbled and corrected as he watched her, surrounded with the evidence of the life she led here, so secure within its circle.

She was absorbed in the music, unaware of him. Her hands moved with a certain controlled skill through the familiar Brahms rhapsody. They were eloquent of all the efficiency he had ascribed to her in his thoughts.

The music came to an end. He knew he must say something, knew that this intrusion upon her privacy would go beyond excuse if he didn't speak now, though his instinct was to remain silent, to go on watching her.

"You play extremely well," he said.

Please turn to page 25



"Frankly, Tilson, when you invited me out to your place for a refreshing dip, I assumed . . ."

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Daughter Of The House

Continued from page 26

MAURA turned and, seeing Johnnie, rose, at the same time smiling her delightful, soft smile. She was excellent at pretending that his only was wholly expected.

"You're much kinder than I know," she said simply. And then, "I hope you haven't minded too long. It hasn't been good."

"Only the last—and I liked it." He wanted to see her face, but she stood with her back to the light and it had become a white blur.

As he advanced into the room, she turned and took glasses and a bottle from a cupboard. She came and handed him one, and he bent and sipped the old, good brandy. They took the chairs which faced into the empty hearth.

"This is my father's choice," she indicated the brandy. "He has never liked any other." Johnnie took his first, sipped, and then he grinned across at her. "He must be a good one to know."

His smile found an instant reflection in her face. The corner of her mouth flashed upwards. "Father is the whole world's idea of a good guy. He's always if anyone doesn't think that about him."

"And does everyone?" she asked into her glass. "I do." The thought seemed to agitate her. He watched her as she sipped, placing her glass on the table. She paused, as if she had done that morning, before the case of salvia. She had withdrawn from him, beyond his reach. The brief moment of their intimacy was shattered, its bright promise unfulfilled.

"I smiled all the morning," she said. Her tone was casual, a stranger's once more. It was almost talk and nothing more.

"Who was crew?" she asked him one quick look that carried a recollection of her promise to take him on a ramble. "I went to Dedham to pick up young Peter Brown. I take him whenever I can. He's sixteen, and wild about boats."

"Not waiting for his reply, she dropped down at the piano and once more took up the rhapsody. It was again a barrier between them, but less unkind than the other. The writer of

her withdrawal was driven deeper between them, until he wasn't able to bear the exclusion any longer. He came and stood behind her.

As instantly as if he had touched her, her hands left the keyboard and slid dully into her lap. She twisted until she could look at him fully.

"Have you ever heard of my father?" she said.

"Yes, I know about him." She left the piano and dropped into a chair. "In a minor way he is famous, I suppose." She took up her brandy glass again and sat staring into it.

When he was a very young K.C., Desmond de Courcy had figured brilliantly in a famous case, and he had dug his heels in hard to the small fame it had brought. He had pursued his luck unceasingly, unendingly, until a sufficient number of spectacular trials had made him safe.

Johnnie could remember his name spoken at Cambridge, and occasionally it had found its way into the American Press. His personality was exotic enough to make him worth writing about, apart from his cases—and in the early days Desmond had played up to this with a flamboyance that made him conspicuous.

This had been gradually dropped, when his reputation was secure, for a smoother, more even approach to his work. "Tailoring himself for the Bench" was the phrase used of him, and those who didn't like him said he would preside there with as much ostentation as had marked his career thus far.

Optimistic or amazingly shrewd, he was still a man of absorbing interest, and his daughter, when she spoke those words, was fully aware of her father's fame, was proud of it, and concerned for everything that touched it. But she would know, Johnnie thought, the frailty and longing which lay behind his fabulous exterior.

"My brother and I," she said, "have suffered all our lives with the excess of his loving and of our loving him. No ordinary children could match his talents—and we are very

ordinary. We would have given our souls to bring him a show of success—even the lightest reminder that we were his children. But we're just impossibly mediocre—not bad, not good. And father still minds about it terribly."

"And you—do you mind?" "I mind for his sake. He's so full of a great love of living, but success is always part of it. He surrounds us with the kind of living his success has brought, and closes his eyes and rather pathetically trusts that somehow Chris—and myself—will succeed in just the way he has done."

He was acutely aware that some love of drama in her was forcing its way to the surface. She was consciously tensed. It was almost deliberate, he thought, this attitude of near-despair. And then he recalled her Irish background, and wondered if this appeal to his sympathies wasn't something too deeply inbred for her to control or subdue, even if she had wished to.

If she and Chris were to be mediocre, then they would be mediocre in a grand fashion. The story would be tinted until it had the aura of dramatic failure about it.

He guessed that in these last moments she was nearer her father than at any other time, drawing strongly on that native ability, surely inherited from him, to charm the senses of her hearers, to twist their hearts with sympathy, and have a vicarious triumph in doing it.

"Father's life has been so much harder than ours," she continued, unaware or perhaps careless of how much of herself she had given away. "His father was an Irish farmer with a few acres of what must have been principally bog. I suppose it all adds to the romance of father's career to consider that he began in such a way. But it bred in him an undying distaste for everything that doesn't cost a lot of money."

She leaned forward to give her words emphasis. "When one lives with him one is possessed by him, utterly. He is even at the root of my attempts to play the piano. But I'm not good—never will be."

There was no response from Johnnie, and coming out of her absorption in her own words she looked up at him. She knew that his thoughts were no longer with her, but following a train she herself had invoked. Reflectively her eyes rested upon him. He stood with his faintly arrogant slouch against the mantel, his loose clothes appearing to emphasise rather than blur the lines of his body.

His thoughts were very much his own. He pulled them about him closely, retreating into a world of loneliness, unbroken, unrelieved by any single contact. Maura herself was now excluded. She was stung to alertness and the need to draw him back to her.

She watched him in silence as he moved towards the piano, and watched, also, the line of his head as he bent over it.

Diffidently he touched a note; it cut sharply into the quiet. He raised his head as though listening for an echo back from somewhere, his lost expression still with him. His hand dropped away. He turned and came back to her.

"Maura." It was the first time he had used her name. He made it soft and mysterious.

"What is it, Johnnie?"

"How could it be," he asked, "that when I stood in the doorway there and listened to you

playing I told myself that all this had happened before—that I'd been through this experience at some other time?"

Maura said slowly, "Yes, why are some things we've never seen before as familiar as what happened yesterday?"

"I don't know," Johnnie said simply. "Perhaps it hit me like that because when I was a kid at high school I used to think it would be a pretty fine thing to play Bach and Brahms."

"Why didn't you?" He shrugged. "Musicians are an unknown quantity in my family. It never occurred to anyone that I might like to try, and I didn't have the courage to try myself. Even at Cambridge, which was my father's big concession to the acquisition of fine arts, I did a course in economics."

"Is it too late—even now?" "Much too late. Learning to play Bach belongs back in the days before I went off with all the other guys to find out what war was really about. I discovered that if you didn't get killed you lost out somewhere—you lost your fancy ideas about Bach, and a lot of other half-baked plans you'd got. And sometimes you lost any inclination to go back and do the job scheduled for you."

JOHNNIE turned directly to Maura. "So look at me," he said. "I'm thirty-six, and I'm loafing in a pub in Essex because I haven't got the guts or nerve to tell my father I don't want his firm—I can't make myself go back and settle down to it. Since I came out of the Navy I've tried it, and I just can't stick any more."

"What are you looking for, Johnnie?" "Looking for? That's just it. I don't know what I expect from all this. I guess that's why I'm here."

He said no more. The brandy glasses were refilled and cigarettes lit. Maura knew he hadn't intended that she should question him further, nor did he ask for sympathy or seek understanding of any kind. She was strangely content with the confidence he had given, desiring no more than that.

Presently Johnnie went and searched among her records, selecting the Beethoven clarinet trio. It's theme of sheer impudence pleased them; they laughed aloud, delighting each other with its swiftness of intimacy. Johnnie whistled it flatly, and then broke off at the sound of thunder at the end of the valley.

Maura said, "Rainbird's uncovered. I had to drive Peter back to Dedham in a hurry and we left her as she was."

Johnnie stood up. "Get your coat. We'll go and do it now."

In the hall she put on her raincoat—red with a blue hood. He noted how well it suited her. They went into the garden, and the scents of the flowers rose to their nostrils with a heavy, cloying odor; the gate creaked under Johnnie's hand as he opened it.

More thunder came, and the first movement of wind. The air cooled suddenly; the breeze hardened. High white ridges showed briefly in the clouds, then merged with the following dark piles.

The anchorage lay within the opening of a narrow, nameless creek. Four small yachts were company to each other. Able's boat, with its cluster of rowing dinghies gathered about it, was closed. Maura and Johnnie drew Rainbird's dinghy towards the river. At

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the water's edge they drew off their shoes, pushed out into the shallows, and Johnnie took the oars.

The sky was darkening as Johnnie rowed, and the sudden thought came to Maura, "It's as if nature had caught some mood of drama between us."

On board, Johnnie followed Maura's murmured directions as they worked with the tarpaulins.

The rain began to fall as they finished. The hard drops slashed into their faces; their bare feet were chilled. They climbed into the dinghy, and Johnnie took the oars again; in the shallows they turned out together, drawing it clear of the tide mark.

Johnnie watched as she fumbled with wet fingers at the straps of her sandals. And then he bent and fastened them for her.

On the hill the wind was stronger; it was almost dark when they turned the last bend of the lane. Johnnie swung the gate open and stood back to let her go through.

She paused beside him. "Good-night, Johnnie."

"Good-night, Maura."

The wind and rain carried away the sound of his footsteps as he walked down the lane.

Their falling in love was unspectacular. They were never alone, so that learning to know each other was accomplished during crowded evenings at the bar of The Stag and long days of sailing the quiet stretches of the river. Their loving lay in such simple things that they did not fully recognise it until it was too late to avoid the pain of its sudden discovery.

Johnnie turned away from the empty silence of Maura's cottage and took the road which led over the hill into the valley beyond. He had little hope that he would find her there, only the fact that Rainbird was still at her moorings and Maura's car stood outside the cottage.

He made no excuses to himself for his deliberate seeking of her company; he simply wanted to find her and talk to her.

At the top of the hill he paused. Here the sound of the sea was cut off, and the thick smell of wood-smoke replaced that sharper, more alien tang in the afternoon air. The peaceful unconcern of the scene affected him strongly, like a stab of unease and discontent. He gazed around him, seeking her.

He saw her directly he raised his eyes to the fringe of the copse on that nearest hill. The

scarlet rug blazed boldly on the hillside, and each one of his senses seemed to recognise the form and stillness of the figure which lay upon it. He skirted a field, starting a herd of grazing cattle, racing across the last space of pasture which separated them.

"Maura!"

She heard him coming and sat up to watch him. He flung himself down breathless beside her, face pressed into the rug. She could hear his intakes of breath; the sun on his hair held her fascinated gaze. He betrayed nothing when he turned upon his back and grinned up at her, eyes closed.

"Guess I'm out of condition."

She wanted to slap the flatness of his chest, push her fingers through his hair. She looked at him, at his tanned face, and she felt as if her whole life had waited upon this first moment of loving him.

Then he opened his eyes and saw her concentrated stare upon him. She turned her head away.

For a little while neither spoke, clinging to silence to calm them and to take away the urgency of the moment. Johnnie lay with his eyes fixed upon Maura's averted face. He tried to imagine how it would be to kiss her.

They had looked away from each other, and upwards, and so together watched a heron's gentle flight down towards the river. In the bush they believed they could almost hear the rustle and brush of soft feathers.

Johnnie said, "The summer has been long."

It meant nothing, his remark, but Maura nodded willing agreement, grateful for the sound of his voice, sane and ordinary, utterly unrelated to that single look which had passed between them.

True, what he had said—the summer had been a jewel. She recalled the long hot days, pavements in London burning beneath her feet, but days gladly endured in order to see the white glare of the sun on Rainbird's sails, to ride without effort at night on the smooth, starlit channel.

A summer to remember—a time to fling oneself down on sun-warmed grass, to breathe in the heavy scents of the scarlet poppies in the cornfields. Too many good things to remember each with sober clarity; too much sun and heat, too many colors. And now, at the very end of it, this day's gift to her.

Please turn to page 29

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

It happens to all of us!

The reasonable young-ling becomes unreasonable. The calm child becomes upset and angry. There's a temper tantrum. We don't know what to do. But we feel something must be done. And these are the times when we most often make mistakes.

What about tantrums, anyway? Surely we don't want our youngsters to get their way by "blowing up." We can steer on this. But more important is the why! What causes tantrums?

Here are a few simple examples. Three-year-old Mario is immensely interested in the window displays along the street. But Mario's mother is in a hurry. Time after time when he has just started to survey the treasures behind the glass windows, she impatiently pulls him away.

Six-year-old Ann's mother wants her to be a "nice" little girl. If ever Ann begins to play a little roughly or if it looks as though she might let her dress, her mother



"Tantrums have their reasons."

steps in and stops her. Five-year-old Billy is trying to tell Mrs. Trask about kindergarten. Bill's dad takes over, interrupting, explaining, interpreting.

These are the things that try children's souls! No wonder that some of them do throw tantrums. In most instances, we, the parents, are responsible. Too much direction and too frequent interruptions are almost sure to precipitate demonstrations of the child's righteous indignation.

(All names are fictitious.)

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Daughter Of The House

Continued from page 27

JOHNNIE him-
self, looking at Maura, began
wonder daily what it would
be like to grow accustomed to
losing her. He thought of the
strenuousness of it all, of hav-
ing known and loved her with-
out a week, to share her life in
just this small way for ten days,
and never see her again.

"Will you stay on here —
you and Irene?" Maura's body
told her voice as quiet as the
passage of the heron.

"For a while, I suppose."
She turned to look at him.
So it he seemed her questioning
he closed his eyelids and rolled
on his side.

"Johnnie," she said.
His eyelids flickered. "Yes?"
"Why don't you go back?"
"Go back?" His voice was
quiet, but with an edge of
determination in it.

"Yes — go back."
His body stiffened and he
opened his eyes. "Maura, do
you think it's right to go on
doing something because you're
not strong enough to hold
out against its imposition on
you?"

She met his gaze. "How can
I say?"

He sat up abruptly. "Then
I'll tell you. Perhaps you'll
use some idea whether I'm
doing the right thing or not."

He fell back against the rug.
"It's easiest to begin with my
great-grandfather, the one who
came from Kings Lynn. His
father was a small squire, and
he was not normally the sort of
person who needed to go to
America — except that he
married a woman who made it
impossible to live in England."

"She was a servant — either
in his own house or on a farm
elsewhere — and not the wife for
the son of a gentleman. The
story that her mother was a
gipsy may even have been true
— but they said she was beauti-
ful. His family never heard of
him again — one of the reasons
being, I suppose, that he was a
poor man all his life." He
paused.

After a moment he went on,
"I imagine the way he was
brought up made my grand-
father shrewd and careful. He
inherited money and started a
small textile factory in Pitts-
burgh. From that, my father
built what must have been the
largest textile laboratory in the
United States. He went to the finan-
cers for his money and risked
everything on it — made it into
something so big that he only
gave round to shaking hands
with all the managers once a
year. But he loves it — it's
his whole life."

He lapsed into silence, and
when she thought he would say
no more he continued slowly.
"I might have been all right if
I hadn't been for the war. War
is a strange thing, Maura,
when it's played out on a lot
of little islands. You seem to
spend a lot of time in between
just sitting down waiting."

"I had too much time — and I
began to ask questions that
didn't occur to me before.
And one of them was whether
I'd got any real obligation to
go with a job they'd planned
for me when there were a lot
of things I wanted much more
to do."

Maura nodded gently. There
was another little silence.

"Things started with a bang
when I got home from the

Pacific," Johnnie went on. "I
was 'good old Johnnie' and a
fine little hero because I'd
flown a plane for the Navy.
When the flag-waving was over
I was meant to go back to my
desk — and then I discovered it
was much worse than it had
ever seemed when I thought
about it in the Pacific."

"I stuck at it somehow, but
the only things I really liked
about it were the plane trips
away from the plant. Then I
met a guy I'd run up against
once at a college debate. I'd
bumped into him again in
Leyte. I think I envied Mark
more than anyone I knew. He
doesn't want to be tied to any
one place or woman or job. He
doesn't possess anything he
can't pack up and take with
him. In a sense I blame him
for my restlessness getting
worse. He always did what he
wanted with his life."

"What would you have done
— if you'd been free?"

"Don't get me wrong — I
didn't want his kind of life. I
think I would have farmed, if

I wanted to live in a caravan
she'd think that was all right,
because she's one of those rare
creatures who are loyal and un-
selfish enough to want to fit into
the pattern whatever way it
changes."

"She's very lovely . . .
Irene," Maura said. "I think
she's the loveliest thing I've
ever seen."

"Yes," he agreed, "she's very
beautiful. And she's gentle and
kind."

Johnnie looked down at
Maura, but it was like gazing
at her through a glass.
"We've been married two
years. We'd known each other
only nine weeks."

Without her bidding, he went
on: "She was one of the dime-
a-dozen photographer's models
who hadn't the right kind of
push or temperament — what-
ever it is — to get herself into
the big-time stuff. Poor kid,
she had had no family and she'd
come from the South to New

Irene to marry him, and she'd
turned her young face thought-
fully upon him.

"Is that what you really
want, Johnnie?"

It was the only time she had
ever questioned his love, accept-
ing it from that time on as she
gave her own. After their mar-
riage he found her grave and
sweet and gentle, much more
than he had known, startling
and shaming him sometimes by
the very strength of her toler-
ance.

He thought of her now with
gratitude, and with his new
awareness of Maura at his side
he knew that this meeting on
the hillside must be their only
one. He rolled on his side,
closing his eyes before the pain
and knowledge of it.

And Maura, looking down
that little valley, thought of the
American girl, and she knew,
without him speaking of it, that
Irene's loyalty would embrace
whatever change in his way of
life he decided to make.

Maura had not Johnnie's
memories to bring back the
noisy stimulation of the great,
glaring city — but only an intu-
itive knowledge of how their
love must have grown out of the
very environment which en-
closed them.

Her eyes turned to welcome
the sight of a flight of wild
duck pushing a dark wedge in
the northern sky. She followed
them as long as they could be
seen, and then her attention re-
turned to Johnnie beside her.
His face had dropped into re-
pose, no longer restless and
urgent as it had been while he
was speaking.

She knew his seeking be-
wildered, but she could give
no help. She felt the inade-
quacy of love, of her own love,
which did not even have the
power to search his heart and
know its compelling desires.
She wanted to lay her hand
upon him, even lightly, to draw
him back from his solitariness.
But it remained still and un-
moving in her lap.

The afternoon shadows had
slipped down the opposite
slopes and now advanced up-
wards from the hollow of the
little valley. A faint blue was
gathering in around the trees
and the farm-houses. There was
a happy peace here . . . an inti-
macy in which they had
shared, but there was also a
serenity far removed from their
wild longing for each other, re-
moved from the frantic restles-
sness of Johnnie's story.

As they stared ahead and the
slender shadows grew, they were
more alone with each other and
less a part of the valley. Their
aloneness increased, and aware-
ness of each other. It was im-
perative that they either speak
or break the power of their
silence by movement.

Maura rose first, looking not
at him but at the darkening
outline of elm trees against the
farthest hilltop. Then Johnnie
rose also, more slowly, and
gathered up the rug. They
began the descent of the hill.

To be continued

All characters in the serials
and short stories which
appear in The Australian
Women's Weekly are fictitious,
and have no reference to any
living person.

Beauty in brief:

ARM IMPROVEMENT

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Get out your bath brush and big
cake of soap to condition arms that
have an unattractive mottled appear-
ance between elbow and shoulder.

IF this upper-arm condition troubles you, also do some
simple exercise each day that involves the arms.
This will help to pep up circulation.

In the daily bath or as a special treatment, brush-
scrub your arms vigorously, using plenty of soap and
warm water. It's the friction that helps correct the color.

Always make a point of drying arms thoroughly after-
wards, for moisture may aggravate the redness.

Deep, "wringing" massage of the arms — especially
where mottling is most noticeable — done after drying is
an added help. So are nightly creaming and the use
of a greaseless, vanishing-type cream during the day,
both as camouflage and as mild protection.

I'd been able to choose. A
small farm I could have
worked on myself. I would
have taken anything that was
small. In my case I guess the
wheel has come full cycle
again. I want to start with
something as small as my
grandfather did."

"Does your father know all
this?" she asked.

"Almost everything — they
think I'm a rehabilitation prob-
lem, for a year I'd be all right.
They expect me back when I've
looked at enough cathedrals
and galleries."

"Are you going back,
Johnnie?"

He looked at her. "Would
you?"

"It isn't any good having
someone else answer that for
you. Are you going back?"

"I guess so — when I can
stick it again. My father's
tired and pretty sick. I'll have
to go back and have one more
shot at it. But if it's still no
good, then I'm finished with it for
good."

"And what of Irene?"

"Irene? It doesn't matter
to her what my decision is. If

York — dead scared and dead
lonely. When I met her she
was sharing an apartment with
three other girls."

His eyes turned away as he
recalled the crowded spaces of
that stuffy little apartment.
There had been noise and good-
natured laughter, and damp
underwear hung in the bath-
room, and Irene had lived out
her days in the midst of it, not
liking it and trying to like it.

Beautiful she was, but, too
common, beautiful girls were so
common a commodity in New York.
He remembered how she had talked
of all this one hot evening when
they had sat together on the
fire-escape — it was the only
place in the apartment where
they could be alone. The noise
of the night-city had risen about
them, and close at hand, the
intimate, daily sounds of the
apartment-dwellers, the voices,
the radios, the clatter of dishes
in a sink.

The Manhattan sky burned
brilliantly above them, a dull
pink reflection of the light of
the tightly packed city. From
the direction of the Hudson they
caught the faint siren of the
New Jersey ferry. He had asked



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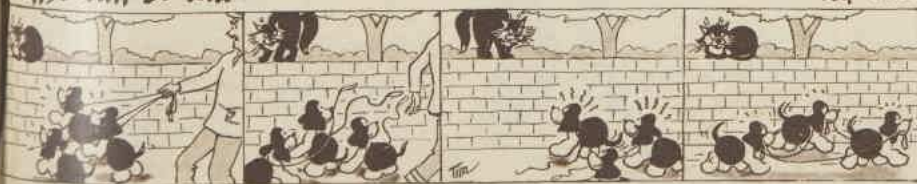


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Whiff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Rory Horder's Paris Note



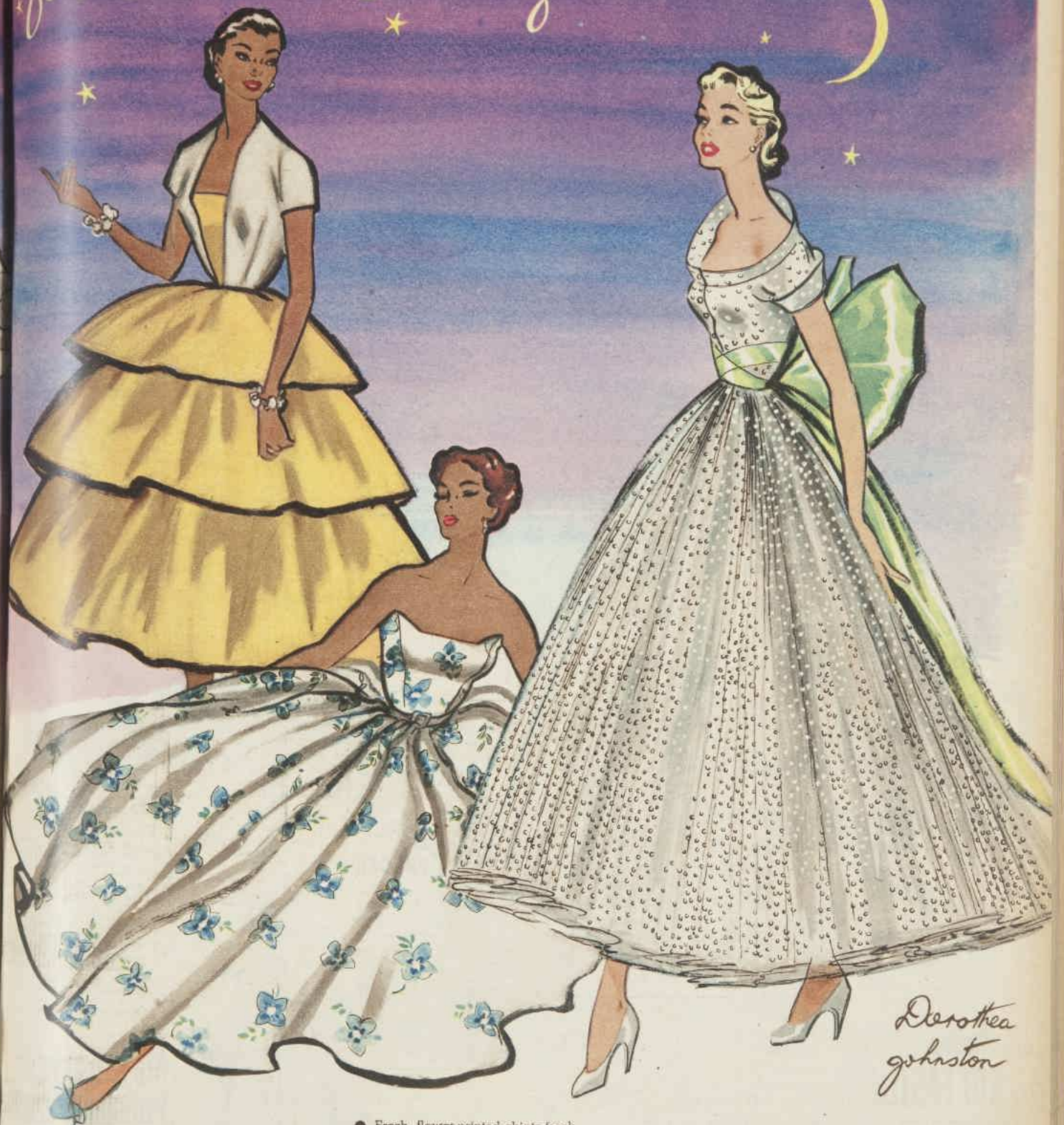
● Jacques Fath uses tiers of crisp white organza for his model, top, designed with a bell-shaped skirt. The fitted bodice is black velvet. The sleeveless organza bolero just covers the shoulders.

● De Givenchy's cerise poplin frock, above, shows a Spanish influence. The hemline is unusual with its wide pleated faggoted frill. A self panel is looped through the bodice to form a drape.

● Midnight - blue linen sheath, above, has a white halter-neck bodice and a cape of white organza frills. Model by Jacques Fath.

● Enchanting young-girl design, left, in white organdie over rose-pink with a fine all-over design in white lace ruching. Model by Jacques Fath.

for Summer Evenings



Dorothea Johnston

● Yellow cotton tiered skirt and square-cut bodice are combined, top, with a white pique bolero fitted to waist length. Model from Dior's boutique.

● Fresh, flower-printed chintz frock, above, is designed by Schiaparelli. The bare bodice top is cut high, square, and moulded to the figure. Skirt is full to the waist and belted.

● Directoire influence is seen in the Jacques Griffe spotted white cotton frock, above. The high waistline is emphasised with the palest green satin sash.



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say 'housework'



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SOFTASILK removes every tell-tale trace of housework and keeps hands romantically soft to touch. Care for your hands regularly with fragrant SOFTASILK. Use it as a powder base and to soothe sunburn.

Medium • Large
Giant Economy



It's handier in a tube

KEEP SOFTASILK IN YOUR BEDROOM... YOUR BATHROOM... YOUR KITCHEN

Page 32

DRESS SENSE

● There are lots of imaginative new ways with blouses for mid-summer wear.

ONE is the bateau neckline.

Two, the ruffle-edged sleeve. The ruffle is trimmed with lace, rick-rack, or net.

Three, the sleeveless blouse with the triple-tiered collar.

Four, the long-torso blouse with a wide turtle neck.

Five, the shirt-blouse with an Eton-boy collar.

Six, the Gibson Girl blouse with high neckline and puffed-up sleeves.

Seven, the blouse with a bell sleeve.

NEW American theme song is the sweater dress, designed to interpret the 1953 midly line.

It's a dress styled with a long, sweater-like bodice, plus a narrowly pleated skirt, and can be worn with or without a belt.

The most popular material choice for this fashion is crepe.

Warning: This is a fashion to be taken up only by the narrow and slim-hipped figure types.

CHIFFON, rediscovered, drifts into late-day summer fashion.

It looks newest in black with one rose-pink accent. Design suggestion—a coat-dress with a very wide hemline falling gracefully.

It's not to be worn over a stiffened petticoat — chiffon drifts best alone.

The bodice could be styled with batwing sleeves and high round neckline, perfect for pearls or fake jewels. Your hat is a tiny helmet of pink rose petals.

MID-SUMMER fabric news. Materials contribute the major fashion and color interest for summer wash dresses.



"TINA"—A pretty yoked frock for a small girl is obtainable ready to wear, only. The material is checked gingham, the color choice includes brown and white, blue and white, red and white, and green and white. The dress is finished with an embroidered yoke and pocket trim. Sizes: Length 17in. for 1 year, 31/4; 18in. for 2 years, 33/4; 19in. for 3 years, 34/4; 20in. for 4 years, 36/4.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 46. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.



by Betty Keep

BLOUSE with ruffle-edged sleeves. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price. 2/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

The design is a loose, collarless cardigan-cut finished with three-quarter-length cuffed sleeves.

AN arresting new millinery fashion fresh from Paris—the "shower cap" beret.

Not pretty, but very chic—and wonderful for tidy travelling. It's just a full, round beret gathered on to a firm 2in. to 3in. head-band.

It shows practically no hair and can be worn straight on the head or tipped to one side.

NEW trouser treatments and wide skirts get top billing for at home fashions.

Example: Pants tapering down to mid-calf length, worn with a sleeveless top finished with a wide, open-cuffed neckline. Top and pants matched in color and a third color introduced by a widely shaped corset belt.

Alternative choice—a wide skirt in an amusing cotton print teamed with a brief little fitted top in contrast.

TWO new strokes of fashion at once—a very narrow, scoop-necked sheath dress with its own straight-line coat.

The dress is white, and the coat a tiny, all-over brown-and-black print.

The color idea could be reversed—dress print, coat white.

GOOD investment—a two-way summer jacket in cotton.

This good mixer, belted or loose, can be swathed about over a dress, slacks, or a skirt.

Fashion FROCKS

"LUCILLE"—Smart coat-dress designed with short sleeves and a shirtmaker neckline. The material is cotton waffle pique, obtainable in pink, blue, green, lemon, and lilac. Ready To Wear.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 77/8; 36in. and 38in. bust, 79/11.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 55/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 57/8.

"TALLULAH"—A half-slip with a self-trill in white cotton is obtainable ready to wear only. Sizes 24, 26, 28, and 30in. waist, 37/8.



Prevents "Wind" Pains

NYAL Milk of Magnesia after each feeding is the ideal preventive for wind pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even, pleasant to take—pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Sweetened or Unsweetened. 4 oz. 2/4, 12 oz. 3/11. All chemists.

NYAL
MILK of MAGNESIA

PAIN YOU CAN'T "EXPLAIN"



Terrible, dragging spasms so bad she missed a day from work every month

Discover for yourself the complete, lasting and safe relief of period pain. That you can get with two Myzone tablets. When you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness, let Myzone's marvelous ACTIVIN (anti-spasm) compound bring you blessed comfort without dosing.

Just take two Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

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15 hairsets for 3/11

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated Curlypet for 3/11 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS & ACIDS

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, Stomach and Cold, Dyspepsia, Chronic Stomach, Broken Anemia, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are invading the vital organs of your system. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be purified by the kidneys. You can normally rid your kidneys of these troubles with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts health in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store 10-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 5, 1952

New! Angel Face by Pond's

Heavenly new make-up . . .
It's foundation and
powder in-one!

New!

Not a cake make-up —
goes on without water!
Not drying!

Angel Face is so easy to use . . . no
wet sponge, no greasy foundation.
Just circle the velvety puffet over
the Angel Face — then smooth
it over your skin. At once
little imperfections hide
beneath soft, heaven-
smooth colour!

New!

Stays on longer than powder.

You don't need foundation cream with Angel Face!
A smoothing "cling" ingredient is sprayed into
Angel Face — then blended in by terrific pressure!
It's this pressure-fused "cling" that makes
Angel Face stay on so angelically!

New!

Can't spill in your
handbag.

Carry Angel Face with you wherever you go!
It isn't spilly or messy — doesn't "snow"
on your clothes. With Angel Face in
your handbag, you're always prepared
to give yourself a fresh make-up,
smooth, flattering, lasting!

Society Beauties say:

"Angel Face looks so natural on my skin —
smooth-tinted and beautifully fresh hours
after it's applied. Angel Face tucks into my
handbag perfectly — always ready at a
moment's notice to give me a soft, lasting
make-up."

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

"Angel Face is wonderful — it gives a
beautiful smooth finish, and goes on so easily!
I wouldn't go out without an Angel Face
in my handbag!"

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE.



Angel Face has
its own downy-soft
puffet.
5 angel-sweet
shades.
At better beauty
counters every-
where.



Lovely model
PAMELA LIGHT

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LIPSTICK

is **Super-Indelible**

and 'STAYS ON LONGER'



Michel Lipstick *protects* your lips while it *highlights* your lip-appearance. It does not dry, smear or run because Michel is a *finer* lipstick, specially made for the Australian climate and its glamorous colors, are "Super-Indelible". To-day's best lipstick buy, too, so be budget-wise as well as glamor-conscious . . . with Michel!

9 GLAMOROUS COLOURS

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CHERRY • CYCLAMEN
MAYPOSA • PINK SPIR
RASPBERRY • SCARLET
NAVY

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If you want
an exclusive
woven
pattern,
insist that it
must be a

POLO
HANDKERCHIEF

No matter what your preference is in patterns and colours, Polo offers you a wonderfully wide yet exclusive selection of the latest handkerchief designs.

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POLO... THE CLASSIC HANDKERCHIEF

POLO Handkerchiefs are manufactured by Thomas Heaney & Sons Pty. Ltd., Sydney.
OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

MOTHER



"Here's my list and here's my money.
Give me as much as I can have."

BUTCH



"Oh, come on now, Butch. You won't be taking us out of our way one bit. Will he, McHugh?"

It seems to me

EVERYONE who has ever dieted will sympathise with the American strip-tease dancer who is suing her husband for divorce because he tried to make her eat fattening foods.

She is a girl called Rose Le Rose and claims that her husband, because he didn't like her job, tried to force her to eat fattening Italian foods such as ravioli and spaghetti.

I suppose there are quite a number of men who would not like their wives to be strip-tease artists, but the cruelty of his method of trying to make her give up the job is to be deplored.

The account of the case doesn't say how he tried to force her, but no one experienced in dieting supposes that he used actual violence.

He would only need to take her out to dinner and order ravioli or spaghetti (or avocado pears or chocolate meringue tart or even fried sausages) while she tackled a lettuce salad (without dressing).

He would only need to drag his footsteps as they passed cake-shop windows.

This kind of refined torture is not an offence under the laws of the land, and the only thing the poor girl could do to such a man is divorce him.

AS regular readers may have noticed, I have been following the progress of chlorophyll with breathless interest (subtle pun there, if you care for them).

So far the Australian market has seen chlorophyll deodorants for rooms, tablets to be taken, and lately the toothpaste market has broken out in a rash of green.

More is yet to come, judging by the American advertisements: Chlorophyll for dogs, chlorophyll-impregnated suits for men, and Schiaparelli is now advertising a preparation called "Chloro-Cologne."

This last is described as chlorophyll with Shocking fragrance. Shocking being the name of Madame's celebrated perfume.

Chlorophyll is contained in plants, as you no doubt know, and, as one silly old cow said to another, "Human beings do go the long way round to attain a simple objective, don't they?"

A CORRESPONDENT, Mr. A. Curlew, of Pennant Hills, Sydney, writes with a comment on a suggestion I made a few weeks ago re goldfish as a soothing influence in family breakfast rooms.

He tells me that one of his favorite quotations is from Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors: "Unquiet meals make ill digestions."

"One family I know," he writes, "has the motto up on the wall, and attention is drawn to it if the occasion requires it. Peace at once descends on the family."



Dorothy Drain

YOU remember that story we printed a couple of weeks ago (22/10/52) on the new revised standard version of the Bible?

The alterations mentioned in the story, which came from America, seemed reasonable. The King James version contained many mistranslations which have been corrected. As well, many expressions have been modernised.

So far, so good. The other day, however, I saw a copy of the new Bible and turned, as many people will do, to a favorite passage, and gave an outraged cry.

The passage I turned to was the one from Corinthians which begins, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

In the new revised standard version it becomes: "If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal."

In the same chapter, verse 4 of the King James Bible runs: "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

New version is: "Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful."

The new rendering of those particular verses may be clearer, simpler, and a better translation. I just like the old one a ton better.

COSMETIC manufacturers in America are reported to be a little worried because of the fad for going without lipstick, which started in Italy.

An American writer comments: "It doesn't look too bad after you've gotten used to it."

You can get used to anything, of course. Look at those Indian gentlemen who lie on beds of nails. But I don't think the cosmetic kings need worry.

A PAMPHLET on "How to Handle Women," compiled by the Research Institute of America, sold 65,000 copies in the first two weeks.

Women (they're so much cleverer) don't need a pamphlet on the way to handle men. It's something that they do not have to read. Although they have their problems, now and then.

And that most tactful paragon, the wife, Being by nature patient, kind, and gentle, Studies throughout self-sacrificing life Ways to cajole the man who pays the rental. Yet one thing that she wishes she could learn, A trifle that can loom above all others, And one that has made generations burn, (No help has been available from mothers), Is how, with hungry husbands, one can bear Their cries that they could eat a horse, if able, Then, having growled for hours, they disappear The moment that the meal is on the table.

HOW TO
**FEEL WELL
TRAVELLING**



Car, sea, train or plane travelling often disturbs the digestive system. Take QUICK-EZE and feel well again. These amazing tablets neutralise excess acidity in seconds, restore the digestive balance and soothe the delicate stomach and intestinal linings. Keep handy QUICK-EZE in your car or pocket when travelling.



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QUICK-EZE
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INDIGESTION

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MILK OF MAGNESIA

WATCH for THESE
SYMPTOMS

WORMS may cause any of these symptoms in children: irritability, fretful, loss of appetite; disagreeable taste and breath; grinding of teeth whilst asleep; nasal discharges; swollen stomach; disturbed sleep.

Comstock's Worm Pellets
BANKHOLM Stomach and Throat Worms from the system. They are specially flavoured and children like them.
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the CLEARER
STRONGER
SELF-ADHESIVE
CELLULOSE
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with thousands of home
and office uses. Seals
without water.

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Distributed by
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brings Quick relief from

**SPRAINS &
STRAINS**

Sloan's Liniment almost instantly re-
lieves the pain of muscular sprains or
strains and the agonies of fibrositis.
The first dab of Sloan's, with its
comforting tingle, begins at once to
promote circulation and a warm,
pain-killing relief. Sloan's is
standard equipment
in gymnasiums
throughout the
world. Make it stan-
dard equipment in
YOUR home—ever
ready to guard
against the pain of
injury such as bruises,
sprains, strains,
injured muscles, and
aching, stiff joints.



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wish to
overcome your
stammering, write to
Miss Grace Stafford,
Open St. 1, Wollahra, Sydney, N.S.W.,
for details of her original stimulating
CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by KAY MELAUN



Should a man and a girl strike marriage bargains?

SHOULD a man and a girl trust to each other's good sense (and good heart) to make their marriage a real partnership? Or, before they marry, should they ensure this by making rules for themselves?

Most boys I talked to had an ideal of a marriage in which each is so eager to give and heedless of getting that any plans and rules are superfluous.

They didn't express it that way, of course. They merely growled that the question was silly because "a chap'd give his wife a hand in the house, anyway." But most took it for granted that their wives (when they acquired them) would give them some time off the domestic hook.

The girls tended to be down-to-earth in their approach to money. Most of them, while spurning any tactics so obvious as a pre-wedding, pencil-and-paper discussion, indicated that they had other and subtler ways of getting their own way.

Marriage bargains didn't figure largely in their ideas. But one girl said: "One privilege deserves another."

"If a girl gives her husband one clear night a week out with his men friends, she ought to get something in return; for instance, breakfast in bed on Sunday."

VIC, an exception among the boys, is in his early twenties. He is in the accountancy branch of a government department.

"Marriage is a matter of give and take, but just to be on the safe side a man should make sure of his few privileges before taking the fatal step," he said.

What he was mainly thinking of was "Saturday afternoons out for sport."

He explained: "A girl who married a friend of mine was terribly keen on sport and thought it was wonderful that this chap was so sport-minded—until the ring was on her finger. Then she began to find gardening jobs round the house for him every Saturday afternoon. No one saw him on the sporting scene again."

"So, you see, if a chap wants Saturday afternoons out for sport he should definitely make sure of it before getting married."

"After all," he added, "he's in the fresh air and that's better than if he spent all the afternoon at the corner hotel and came home for tea and beat the daylight out of his wife."

JEAN is 18, a university office worker, and she thinks marriage should be a 50-50

proposition, with the man and the girl deciding the percentages beforehand.

"If they are both working they should go 50-50 in their jobs and on the housework," she said. "If the girl stays at home she should spend as much time on the housework as she would spend at a job—and get paid by her husband for it."

"Wages for housework should be pretty high. After all, you've only got to look at some mothers to see how dull domesticity can make you."

ANNE protested at the question. "If a man loves you he'll give you a hand with the housework," she said. "And you'd settle how to divide up the pay envelope, anyway, too."

"Two things that would have to be decided before marriage are whether you wanted children and what allowance you'd have."

FOR THE JILTED

SO you've been jilted. You still love him, but he doesn't love you. You feel as though the world has ended. But the dreary fact is that it hasn't—and you have to keep on living.

DON'T believe you have nothing left. You have your family, your friends, your job, and yourself.

DON'T shut yourself up at home. Even if it costs a great effort, accept all invitations. If you try to make an interesting evening for someone else you'll catch yourself forgetting your heartbreak for a while.

DON'T bash people with your troubles. You'll bore them and say a lot of things you don't mean.

DON'T brood on "What did I do?" "Why didn't I?" It takes two to make a broken engagement, anyway.

DON'T belittle him. Friends will be embarrassed for you; catty acquaintances will say "sour grapes."

DON'T let yourself get caught on the rebound either to "show him" or to bolster up your ego.

JOAN'S ideas are influenced by the fact that her mother spoils the men of the family even to the extent of cleaning Joan's father's shoes every morning. Joan thinks this is "wicked, absolutely wicked."

"I'd really appreciate a man who'd help in the kitchen and with the housework," she said. "But I don't believe you can work these things out any way except as you live together. For instance, if your husband's tired, you do the washing up, but if you're tired, he does it."

"Marriage is certainly give and take, but it's not a case of 'if you do this, I'll do that.'"

"Money is the exception. Finances have to be got down to a fine art."

JUDY is a little older than the other girls. "I don't believe a woman should expect her husband to help with the housekeeping or the housework," she said. "Gardening and plumbing jobs are quite enough to keep him busy."

"Besides, until several children come along a woman should well be able to manage the house without help from her husband."

"The only thing I'd insist on is a definite amount of spending money, even if it were only 5/- a week. It would have to be my own to do with as I pleased. Whether I saved it or wasted it would be my own business."

Judy added cynically:

"You know girls make a big mistake when they housebreak their husbands and let them get too wise about housework. The men learn how long the work takes and how hard or easy it is."

band perform "Apex Blues" in neo-Dixieland style on imported Parlophone R3436. He stars alone on the reverse, "One Man Went To Blow," in which by means of a series of re-recordings he plays trumpet, clarinet, piano, and washboard. "Tain't jazz, but it's fun."

IF Mum and Dad are still saying there's never been a show to touch "Maid of the Mountains," tell them that among recent reappearances is the New Mayfair Orchestra's selection on HMV EA2686.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

Write...
A SLOGAN
FOR THE



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CONTEST
and

A WORLD FAMOUS

Mullard
RADIO FOR

Christmas

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POLISHERS
EACH WEEK!



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Beauty your figure—and keep it beautiful—by wearing a FIGURE CONTROL CORSET. With gentle changing pressure, the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET claims your hips and waistline individually fastened to fit perfectly. Figure Control has these improvements:
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HISTORIC CUP FILM IN PARIS MUSEUM

Two French cameramen filmed the Melbourne Cup in 1896. Recently an Australian living in Paris heard of these unique film records and persuaded the museum authorities to make photographic prints of some of the scenes. The most interesting of these are reproduced in the November issue of A.M. Get your copy of A.M. to-day.

THAT "roving kind" of a Guy (Mitchell by name) is now a-courting Doris Day on DO3521, and they sound a most attractive pair. "A Little Kiss Good-night"—a honey of a number—recaptures something of the mood of "Two Sleepy People." The reverse, "Gently, Johnny," is too much like "Kiss" in its sentiments to provide sufficient contrast. Doris and Guy sound so well together that Columbia is sure to give them more solid material for their next microphone date.

TOM and Jerry, filmdom's beguiling duo, are now on

DISC DIGEST

record. M.G.M. offers three 10in. discs (MGM 5104/6) in a perky album, each telling, with narrator and sound effects, a cat-and-mouse adventure. Filmgoers who love Tom's scowl and Jerry's perversity will find the discs somewhat flat, but since they're made for children whose lively imagination will sketch in the scenes they'll entertain the small fry splendidly.

HUMPHREY LYTTLETON (top boy in England's jazz world) and his



Dr. Rawson Penfold

In 1844 he planted the first Penfold vineyard at Magill, S.A., to grow wine for the benefit of his patients.



Oaken casks play important part in Penfolds quality



Penfolds White Label Wines include Muscat, Dry Sherry, Sweet Sherry, White Port, Invalid Port



Penfolds Royal Reserve (Red Label) Wines include Port, Muscat, Dry Sherry



Penfolds Royal Reserve Sweet Sherry

With 16 vineyards and wineries in each of the best wine-growing districts in Australia, Penfolds have at their command the finest of Australia's grapes for making each type of wine.

But that is only part of the story. Before the wine can reach that mellowness which is the mark of quality, it must be matured in casks of English oak. During the past 108 years Penfolds have imported enough of these oaken casks to mature millions of gallons of wine in their cellars at a time. If placed end to end these casks would stretch for 35 miles.

Add to these advantages over a century's experience in wine making, strict laboratory control at every stage of production, and the most efficient equipment in the world, and you see why Penfolds are able to maintain such a unique standard of high quality in their wines.

SEND COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

Post coupon to your nearest Penfolds Office for this interesting 24-page booklet covering the following subjects: What is wine; Correct temperature at which to serve wines; The best wines to serve with meals; Suggested wines for each course; The origin of Port; How to open sparkling wine; How to make light wine drinks; Savouries and supper recipes; Correct glassware, &c.



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Penfolds Extra Special Royal Reserve Wines include Hock, Chablis, Sauterne, Claret, Burgundy, Muscat, Port.



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Please send me the free booklet, "How and when to serve wines."

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A.W.W. 5/11/1952.

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Erim Art sheets, manufactured from famous Spero English sheeting, are either hem-stitched or scalloped. Erim Art pillowcases are hem-stitched, embroidered or in plain housewife style. All are reasonably priced and retain their texture and whiteness after constant laundering.

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NYAL FIGSEN



GILSEAL DYES ARE THE BEST

Ask Your Chemist



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 5, 1952

Worth Reporting

"A HOME away from home" is what the proposed White Ensign Club at Nowra, N.S.W., will mean to personnel of H.M.A.S. Albatross, the naval air station.

There are 2000 men on the station, many of them far away from their homes in other States and Great Britain.

President of the White Ensign Club committee, Mr. A. J. Morrison, committee member Mr. J. L. Wilson, and Press Relations Officer Lieut.-Commander R. E. Connor formed a three-man deputation to tell us about Albatross men.

"When they come off duty there's nowhere for them to go to get away from it all," they said.

"In a small place like Nowra there isn't much offering for a man on leave, and up to 600 men have leave every night.

"You see them standing round the streets with nothing to do. They get so fed up that most of them prefer to stay on the station," the deputation told us.

They added that the situation was even worse at weekends.

"Take the case of a man whose home is in Western Australia," Lieut.-Commander Connor said. "He generally saves up his leave and takes it once a year. He probably doesn't know anyone near here, so he never gets away from service life."

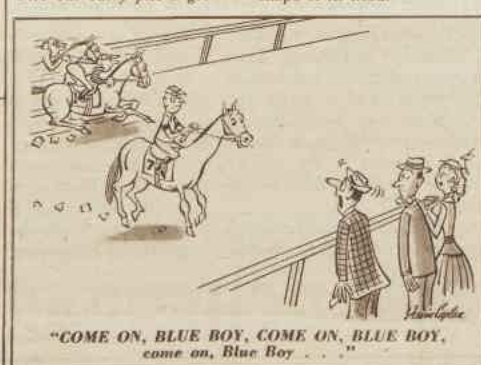
The club will be similar to the one started in Melbourne earlier this year. Meals, a canteen, reading, writing, and recreational facilities, and sleeping accommodation will be available for a nominal charge.

Naval authorities and the citizens of Nowra believe that the club will be a great morale-builder.

The sum of £50,000 is needed to establish the club, and the committee is appealing for financial help to relatives, friends, and sympathisers of Albatross men all over Australia.

A PIE-SHOP on the way to the Blue Mountains, N.S.W., has this eye-catching advertisement emblazoned on its window:

"Enjoy your heaven here below, Give our curry pies a go."



"Boy! Here's one that's REALLY terrible."

Ideas just hit him

A MONKEY on a string attached to a door-latch—to encourage toddlers to open doors themselves—is one of the inventions to come from the fertile brain of 44-year-old Donald Braun, of Glen Iris, Victoria.

The child grabs the monkey and presto! the door opens.

Mr. Braun's latest invention is an electric clothes wringer, a separate unit which can be attached to a copper or a trough.

"It's the means by which the wringer is mounted on the trough that is the secret of this invention," said Mr. Braun, who has been working on it for 15 years. He now has a world patent for it.

Mr. Braun said his ideas start with an aching thump in a particular spot in his head.

"After the ache starts, all I have to do then is wait for an inspiration to come," he explained.

Among the inspirations have been a tea-meter, which measures out tea into the pot, and a cheese-dish which cuts its own cheese.

Seals picked for I.Q.

TWELVE seals are being trained for public life by Bill Henderson, curator of Melbourne's Aquarium.

Ten of the sleek two-year-olds were netted recently at Seal Rocks, Victoria.

Encouraged by a 70lb. box of trout and mullet a day, they will learn high dives and other acrobatics.

They were hand-picked by Mr. Henderson, whose 28 years' experience have taught him to tell a seal's I.Q. by the shape of its head.

LONDON TALK By Michael Plant

REVUE star Hermione Gingold and I were arrested this week for disturbing the peace.

Artist Ronald Searle had asked Hermione to dress up as one of his monstrous school-girls from St. Trinian's and break the window of a Charing Cross Road bookshop.

The store, which is displaying copies of Searle's new book, thought it a splendid publicity stunt and gladly gave its sanction.

Hermione asked me if I would dress up, too, so in a mass of plaits, pimples, false noses, and hockey sticks we made our vicious assault. The window broke beautifully.

Hermione, in an excess of St. Trinianism, smashed an investigating policeman over the head with a hatchet (rubber, fortunately), and we were both carted off to Savile Row police station.

When we explained it was just a stunt, we were let off with a warning.

Miss Gingold has been filming in "Pickwick Papers," so Australians will soon be able to see the bizarre quality of her humor themselves.

I SAW a princess out at supper this week.

She wore a cyclamen silk dress, asked the band to play her favorite tune, "September Song," ate a lamb chop, and drank orangeade.

With her were Princess Olga of Yugoslavia and her son, Prince Alexander.

All this may sound familiar, but it wasn't Princess Margaret. It was 15-year-old Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duchess of Kent. I believe it was her first visit to a nightclub.

WEST END furriers are using a new synthetic fur made of nylon fibre called "furleen," which the scientists have tricked up to look like ermine, sable, or what you will.

In his Mayfair salon, Mr. Aage Thaarup, the Queen's milliner, showed me a furleen hat which looked for all the world like dinkum mink.

He darted out of the shop, rubbed it on the muddy footpath, screwed it into a ball, and kicked it about. Then he rushed in again and plunged it into soapy water.

"When it's dry it will look as good as new," he said.

ANOTHER fabric which has graduated from the laboratory to your wardrobe is terylene.

Described as "a new miracle fibre," terylene is wonderfully versatile. It can be spun as fine as a cobweb for lingerie or as tough as canvas in gabardine-like material for men's suits.

Unlike nylon, terylene is warm and soft to the touch. It is shrinkproof, quick-drying, needs no ironing, and uncreasable.

Top designer Norman Hartnell has already used it in several "excitingly satisfactory" glittering ballgowns.

Beauty in the Room... Begins at the Window



Whether you like **DIRECT LIGHTING**

OR **INDIRECT LIGHTING**

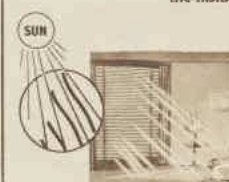


Kirsch All Metal VENETIAN BLINDS
IN LOVELY PASTEL SHADES

give you beauty at the window

The Kirsch exclusive "S" shaped slat makes this possible

The secret of light control lies in the tilt of the slats—in these diagrams we think of the tilt as viewed from the inside of the room.



Direct Lighting: By tilting the slats down we allow sunlight to shine through between the slats. This of course makes use of the sun's heat when required and allows us to obtain the full effects of direct sunlight in the room.



Indirect Lighting: In this diagram we tilt the slats upward—sunlight is intercepted, reflected to the ceiling and thence into the room. In the illustration showing Indirect Lighting at the top of this advertisement we notice that there need be no unpleasant glare even when facing the window.

IMPORTANT: WHICHEVER WAY THE SLATS ARE TILTED, KIRSCH BLINDS LOOK BEAUTIFUL — INSIDE AND OUT.

Other Important Advantages of the Kirsch "S" Shaped Slat

1. Two-way strength is built into each Kirsch slat because it curves in two directions but takes up a minimum of depth thus providing more visibility, more light when you want it.
2. Before light rays enter the room they are diffused backwards and forwards by Kirsch "S" shaped slats—thus providing a softer and more pleasing illumination.
3. When blocking of light or privacy is required Kirsch "S" shaped slats, curving toward one another, give a maximum degree of closure.
4. Kirsch "S" shaped slats being wider give better overlap and closure.
5. Kirsch slats are made to a world-wide standard of quality that has proved Kirsch to be the leading Venetian Blind in almost every country in the world.

Architects, Interior Decorators, Builders—they all recommend Kirsch. They realise the comfort and the beauty of the "S" shape—no matter which way it is tilted. They realise the added grace and charm which Kirsch gives to every room. Kirsch blinds are available at leading city, country and suburban stores.

Choose the Name You Know!

Kirsch Company
(A Wormald Brothers Industry) (AUST.) LTD.



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MELBOURNE SYDNEY BRISBANE

★ Remember — always use Kirsch Cut-to-measure Curtain Rods — and Gold Seal Extension Rods

KN17/14.2

Tonight save shillings!

Serve this hot n' hearty

protein-rich meal ...



**KRAFT CHEDDAR
IS FAR CHEAPER
THAN MEAT**

*and richer than
Sirloin Beef in
NOURISHING
PROTEIN*



"BROWN CROWN CASSEROLE"

— a tasty MAN-SIZED meal!

Here's a big, hot nourishing dish your whole family will relish. All you need is:

2 cups hot mashed potatoes
1 dessertspoon butter or margarine

1 cup cold meat, run through mincer, or 1 cup flaked fish

8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar, shredded

2 teaspoons finely chopped onion

Salt, pepper, a little warm milk.

Mash potatoes with butter, milk, salt and pepper, and 4 ozs. cheese. Blend 2 ozs. cheese with the white sauce.

Put a layer of potatoes in casserole dish, a layer of minced meat or fish, then the cheese sauce, sprinkled with onion.

Spread rest of potatoes on top, sprinkle with remaining 2 ozs. cheese, dot with butter or margarine. Stand casserole in a pan of water and bake in moderate oven until top is golden brown. A hearty main-course meal for four!

Kraft Cheddar gives you the kind of protein that helps build sound muscles, strengthens resistance to infection, and nourishes tissues and nerves.

QUICK, TASTY LUNCH GRILL!

Slice some Kraft Cheddar on to toast — pop it under the griller — and sit down to a delicious satisfying lunch, rich in nourishing protein.



**COOK
REGULARLY
WITH**

**"Cook with Kraft Cheddar—
and beat the high cost of Meat."**

says ELIZABETH COOKE, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

"Kraft Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition" says Elizabeth Cooke. "For instance, Kraft Cheddar is not only richer than sirloin beef in nourishing protein, but it gives you additional food values you won't find in meat! Every delicious mouthful is loaded with the essential vitamins A, B₂ and D, plus calories and the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates."

Best for cooking Because Kraft Cheddar is already processed, that true, mellow cheddar

flavour never varies — never cooks out. You'll find, too, that its flavour blends perfectly with other foods to give you satisfying meals that are never too "rich".

Unlike ordinary cheese, Kraft Cheddar melts smoothly, never goes "stringy" when cooked. No rind — no waste. What a bargain in nutrition! Pasteurized for purity. So for best results, *always* use Kraft Cheddar for cooking. Sold everywhere in the blue 8 oz. packet or economical 5 lb. loaf.



KRAFT CHEDDAR For **HIGH-PROTEIN
LOW-COST** meals!



APRICOT marshmallow flan has layers of apricot pulp, creamy marshmallows and apricot halves and strawberries set in jellied apricot syrup. See recipe below.

Sweet pies for summer

A light hand, a quick oven for the pastry, and a collection of good recipes for crust and fillings will enable you to bake feather-light pies for summer meals.

BY OUR
FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

THESE recipes are all different, delicious, and easy to prepare. They are planned to add fresh interest to warm-weather menus.

All spoon measurements are level.

APRICOT MARSHMALLOW FLAN

One 9in. cooked biscuit pastry-case, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cooked apricot pulp, 4oz. marshmallows, 1 tablespoon water, 3 tablespoons cream, 1 cup syrup from apricots, 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, apricot halves.

Place apricot pulp in bottom of cooked pastry-case. Melt marshmallows with water over low heat, allow to cool. Whip until thick and creamy, fold in cream. Pour over apricot pulp, allow to set. Arrange apricot halves on top. Mix dissolved gelatine into apricot syrup and spoon slowly and carefully over apricots. Chill until set.

LEMON VELVET PIE

One 8in. cooked biscuit pastry-case, 1 packet lemon jelly, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups boiling water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup milk, 4 tablespoons powdered milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons gelatine.

Dissolve jelly in boiling water, add lemon rind and juice. Warm the milk, beat in powdered milk, sugar, and gelatine dissolved in a little hot water. Beat until cold and starting to thicken. Fold a little at a time into cooled jelly, mix well without beating. Pour into cold pastry-case, chill. Decorate with whipped cream, grated lemon rind, and frosted mint.



TO PREPARE the smooth lemon filling in this lemon velvet pie, a thick, creamy mixture is folded into a clear lemon jelly. Cream, lemon rind, and frosted mint are used to decorate.

THE pineapple soufflé filling in this pie is light and soft. A stiff meringue added to cooked, thickened pineapple does the trick. Nuts and pineapple decorate the top.



COCONUT ORANGE PIE

One 8in. cooked biscuit pastry-case, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon custard powder or cornflour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup coconut, orange sections and coarse coconut to decorate.

Melt butter, add flour and salt, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk and sugar, continue stirring until thick. Gradually add custard powder or cornflour blended with the orange juice and beaten egg-yolks. Stir

over low heat 3 or 4 minutes. Fold in coconut, cool slightly, pour into pastry-case. Top with coarse, lightly toasted coconut. When cold, decorate with orange segments.

PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE PIE

One 8in. cooked biscuit pastry-case, 1 small pineapple (peeled and grated, making about 2 cups of pulp and juice), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1 cup sugar, 3 dessertspoons arrowroot, 2 egg-whites, 3 tablespoons cream (or use unsweetened evaporated milk), 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water.



THE coconut- and orange-flavored filling of this pie is highlighted by a topping of toasted coconut. See recipe.

Simmer pineapple with water and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the sugar until quite tender. Stir in arrowroot blended with a little extra water. Stir white mixture simmers 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with balance of sugar. Lastly fold in cream and dissolved gelatine. Fill into cold pastry-case. When cold and set, decorate with pieces of fresh or crystallised pineapple and toasted almonds.

CHOCOLATE PEAR PIE

One 8in. cooked biscuit pastry-case, 1 pint milk, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 4 cooked or tinned pears, chopped nuts.

Blend cocoa and cornflour with a little of the milk. Heat balance of milk with sugar, stir in cocoa mixture. Continue stirring until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Cool slightly, add beaten egg-yolk and melted shortening. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into pastry-case. When cool and lightly set, top with sliced pears. Sprinkle with chopped nuts.

BASIC RECIPE FOR BISCUIT PASTRY

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. good shortening, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, add sugar. Rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll thinly. Cut to fit an 8in. or 9in. tart-plate, lift carefully into plate. Trim and decorate edges. Fill centre with paper and peas, or prick base and sides very thoroughly with a fork, to prevent rising in centre. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Remove paper and peas, allow to cool.

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**BIG
BATH
SIZE**



Here's the favourite family bath soap, now in a wonderful big BATH-SIZE. So thrifty, you'll prefer it every time! See how many more refreshing baths or showers... what rich, foamy lather you get from every cake!

And the big new Bath Size contains the famous Lifebuoy purifying ingredients to protect you from B.O.

**LIFEBUOY GUARANTEES
YOU WILL BE SAFE FROM B.O.**

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FOR BREAKFAST OR LUNCHEON serve these oven-cooked eggs. Whip whites and pile on to squares of toast, making a slight depression in centre of each. Place unbroken egg-yolks in centres and cook in a cool oven until the whites are lightly browned and yolks set. Serve with sliced meat-loaf stuck with cloves.

Readers' prize recipes

This week's prizewinning recipes are California meat loaf, which wins the £5 prize, cabbage royal, and eggless apple shortcake.

THE meat loaf has a layer of curried egg through the centre. You'll find it will be well liked, especially when served cold with salad.

Cabbage cooked in tomato juice and served with chopped bacon will provide a change in the family menu.

Any other cooked and sweetened fruit pulp may be used in place of the apple pulp suggested in the recipe for eggless apple shortcake.

All spoon measurements are level.

CALIFORNIA MEAT LOAF

One pound topside or round steak, 1lb. sausage meat, 1 medium-sized carrot, ¼ cup chopped, cooked celery, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 egg, extra breadcrumbs, 2 or 3 medium-boiled eggs, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon grated onion or chopped chives.

Combine minced or finely chopped steak, sausage meat, coarsely grated carrot, celery, onion, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and sauces. Bind with beaten egg. Prepare loaf-tin. Grease thickly and coat with extra breadcrumbs. Press half meat mixture into tin. Chop eggs, mix with salt and pepper to taste, curry powder, and onion or chives. Spread over meat in tin. Cover with remaining meat mixture. Place piece of greased paper over top. Bake in moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours. Carefully pour off liquid around loaf and reserve for use in gravy. Serve loaf sliced hot with vegetables and gravy or cold with salad ingredients.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Wallace, c/o Post Office, Wiley Park, N.S.W.

CABBAGE ROYAL

One tablespoon shortening, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 cup stock, 4 cloves, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 3 cups shredded cabbage, 1 cup chopped green pepper.

Melt shortening, add flour, stir until smooth. Cook until lightly browned. Stir in

tomato juice, stock, cloves, sugar, and minced onion. Stir until boiling, simmer 10 minutes. Remove cloves, add cabbage and green pepper. Continue cooking further 15 to 20 minutes until cabbage is tender. Serve hot, topped with chopped cooked bacon.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Coleman, Goomeri, Qld.

EGGLESS APPLE SHORTCAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1-3rd cups flour, 1-3rd cup custard powder, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2-3rd cup milk, 1 cup cooked sweetened apple pulp (as dry as possible).

Cream shortening, sugar, golden syrup, and essence. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, custard powder, and salt alternately with milk, making a stiff mixture. Spread half over base of greased shallow tin 10in. x 7in. Cover with apple pulp. Place balance of mixture in small heaps on top of apple, carefully spread over with broad-bladed knife. Bake 35 to 40 minutes in moderate oven.

Cut into squares, serve with custard or cream and top with extra apple pulp if desired.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. G. Furniss, 657 Nepean Highway, E. Brighton, S.6, Vic.

Kitchen Notions...

TO grate processed cheese always use a coarse grater and make long strips. The cheese is too soft to flake if pressed through a fine grater.

IF cheese-flavored dishes are popular with your family, keep a supply of grated cheese ready for use. It will remain in good condition until required if you keep it in a screw-top jar.

TRY a spicy peach puff for an easy, delicious dessert. Place a layer of plain cake mixture in greased tin, cover with sliced stewed or tinned peaches. Sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, and raisins or currants. Bake about 35 to 40 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with cream or custard.

FOR a quick, tasty luncheon dish serve split-fried sausages filled with mashed potato flavored with mustard, curry powder, grated onion, salt and pepper. Top each with grated cheese, place in oven to reheat and lightly brown.

AFTER mincing meat, grind a stale crust through the mincer. It makes the mincer easier to clean, especially if the meat is fatty.

FOR a delicious quick dessert crumble some ginger biscuits and fold into cooled stewed apple pulp. Serve with cream or custard flavored with chopped preserved ginger or a pinch of powdered ginger.

DON'T DOSE THE FAMILY!

Unblock their systems gently. Poor elimination is mostly due to poor digestion because 75% of digestion takes place in the intestinal tract. Such poor elimination can't be helped by digestive powders and stomach pumps. Carter's natural, soothing prescription gently unblocks systems stopped-up from simple causes. It promotes the free flow of all 5 of nature's important digestive juices. Carter's helps nature to restore the natural power of elimination. Remove only what not food—another reason why these little pills help you feel so much better. So gentle... habit-forming... Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at your chemist or store today.

8 Children and a barber husband—

**RINSO's
thicker, richer
suds a must!**

WITH 8 CHILDREN,
THERE'S QUITE A PILE OF
COLOURED ON WASHDAY. ONLY
RINSO GETS THEM BRIGHTER
THAN BRAND NEW!

15 DOZEN BARBER
TOWELS IN THE WASH EACH WEEK,
BUT MY WIFE SAYS IT'S EASY TO
GET THEM DAZZLING WHITE
WITH RINSO!

A FINE
LEVER
PRODUCT



The Millers of 5 Van Ness Ave, Glen Iris, Victoria are typical of the thousands of families who have proved that ordinary suds can't compete with the magic of Rinso's thicker, richer suds.



NOW IN 2 SIZES Standard and Big Economy Size

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THERE'S NOTHING 'JUST AS GOOD'

You can't dismiss lightly the well-worn phrase, "there's no substitute for experience." In the case of refrigeration, it means too much to you in terms of satisfaction, safety and savings. Kelvinator have studied your needs, your convenience and your pocket for many more years than any other in the industry — and the Kelvinator of today is the refrigerator that will serve you best and serve you longest. There is no better quality, at any higher price — and no bargain so sound at any lower price.

ONLY KELVINATOR, EVERY KELVINATOR, IS POWERED BY THE MIGHTY POLARSPHERE

Built with the precision of a watch — packed with enough power for five refrigerators — operates for a few pence weekly — and needs no attention in a lifetime!

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The three beautiful Kelvinator models are all faithfully engineered — all built to the matchless Kelvinator standard — all powered by the champion of sealed units — the Polarsphere. There is the compact M5W for smaller kitchens (nearly 5 cubic feet, its capacity is all the smaller family needs) — and then there's the A5 — the deluxe 5 cubic feet, smaller brother in looks and appointments to the magnificent A7 — Australia's finest big refrigerator.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 5, 1952

KH/22

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Look at your skin... others do!



Help skin blemishes disappear with REXONA SOAP

You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you can clear up blemishes with REXONA SOAP because it is specially medicated with Cadyl* to restore the skin to natural loveliness.

* Cadyl is a fragrant blend of 5 rare beauty oils, exclusive to REXONA SOAP. REXONA's silky-fine lather carries Cadyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.



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Cook a perfect Xmas Dinner

WITH THIS
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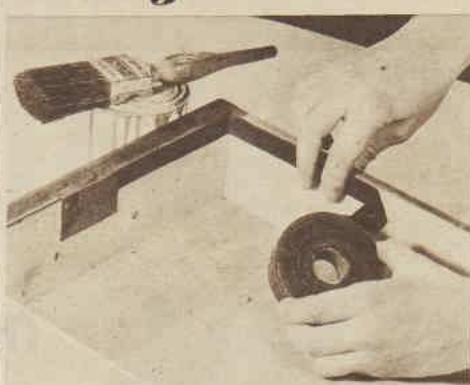


Mealtime Magic... a delicious, perfectly cooked meal in minutes, instead of hours! Famous American-Designed Universal-Hawkins Pressure Cooker is a thrilling surprise to give or get... Sizes: 7 pints, with food dividers; 8½ and 10½ pints, with food baskets.

Hawkins
UNIVERSAL
PRESSURE COOKER

OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

Handyman hints



WHEN PAINTING DRAWERS, a strip of masking tape will catch any drips on the inside edge and give a straight, clean line. Remove tape before paint hardens.



USE a furniture glider to replace a worn metal ring on the handle of a chisel.

WHEN sawing plywood, a strip of transparent cellulose tape stuck on the underside of the cutting line will prevent the wood from splintering. After sawing, the tape can be stripped off.

A LENGTH of rubber tubing slipped over each handle of a pair of pliers gives a surer and more comfortable grip.

BEFORE storing away a partly used tin of paint, seal the paint with a layer of warm paraffin wax. This preserves the paint indefinitely and prevents a film forming on top.

Routine for shoes

The life of shoes depends a lot on the care and cleaning given them.

SHOES respond to good treatment, and if properly looked after will give much longer wear than if they are just treated to an occasional dab of polish.

These suggestions for the care of various types of shoes will help to restrict the cost of this expensive wardrobe item.

Leather Shoes: Brush or wipe off the dust immediately they are taken off and polish while the leather is still warm and pliable. Put in shoe-trees or stuff the toes with paper before placing away. If shoes are wet, hang them up or lay them on their sides and dry slowly in a cool place, then polish as usual—never dry near heat, or the leather will crack.

Suede: Brush occasionally with a special wire or rubber brush, or use a stiff, dry nail-brush. Clean with a liquid suede cleaner. If the suede becomes very shiny, rub lightly with emery paper if a dark color and glass-paper if a light color.

Patent Leather: Rub a little petroleum jelly into the patent leather every now and then before putting away, to prevent cracking and hardening of the leather. Rub off before wearing again, and polish with white shoe cream.

White Canvas or Buckskin: Clean mud off by wiping with cold water, rub with methylated spirit to remove any grass stains, and clean with canvas shoe cleaner.

Satin or Brocade Evening

Shoes: These can be cleaned with benzine or with carbon tetrachloride. Gold or silver shoes should always be wrapped in black paper and stored in a dry place. If they tarnish, clean by rubbing with powdered magnesia, or if this does not remove the tarnish try mixing the powder with methylated spirit to make a liquid paste, leave on the shoes until dry, then brush off.

Lizard or Snakeskin: Yellow stains which appear on this type of shoe through wear can be removed with a solution of salts of lemon. Dissolve a teaspoon of salts of lemon in a pint of boiling water, leave until cold, then brush on the shoes. When dry, polish shoes with usual shoe cream.

Goloshes and Rubber Boots: Sponge off mud with a damp cloth and dry away from heat.

Baby's layette

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

SUITABLE clothes are necessary for baby's well-being and comfort.

A baby's first clothes should be made with provision for adjustment by the use of tucks and smocking that are easy to let out as the child grows.

Patterns of a complete 12-piece layette, which includes nightgowns, dresses, carrying-coat, matinee jacket, undershirt, flannel pilchers, bonnet, booties, bib, and mittens, may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price, 3/6 post free.

EASY ON THE EYES!



PHILIPS
NEW
Argenta

INSIDE COATED WITH SILICA
TO GIVE

ALL-OVER LIGHT
WITHOUT GLARE!

Young eyes... older eyes... can read without strain in Argenta light. Philips Argenta lamps make "seeing" not only easier, but safer. They provide perfected illumination—glareless, non-dazzling, free from "spot brightness." With Philips Argenta lamps there are no harsh shadows or contrasts... and the light is perfectly diffused. Argenta light safeguards sight. Ask for Argenta at your nearest store.



PHILIPS ARGENTA —bright as the sun —soft as the moon

For fine Quality
that lasts—buy...

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Product of Joshua Hoyle
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Over a Century's experience
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Agents: F. G. Hyatt & Co., 233 Flanders La., Melbourne
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 45 York St., Sydney

WHEN GOOD QUEEN BESS RAN A LOTTERY

Lotteries of the kind now run in Australia have a long family tree. The first English lottery recorded was one in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I (Good Queen Bess). An illustrated report on this first of all English lotteries is supplementary to a survey of current Australian lotteries, published in the November issue of A.M. Get your copy of the November A.M. to-day.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 5, 1953



RENOVATED LIVING-ROOM in a 17th century house at Culross, Fife, Scotland. Walls and ceiling are chalk-white. Two Persian carpets in ruby-red and blue cover the floor. Easy chairs have white chintz covers patterned in ruby-red and blue. The walls below the extended mantelshelf are kingfisher-blue. Potted plants decorate the staircase.

Scottish home modernised

By EVE GYE, our Homemaking Editor, who recently returned from abroad.

"Snuff Cottage" is the quaint name of this old Scottish house, the interior of which has recently been modernised.

IT is just one of hundreds of 16th and 17th century stone houses which border the cobbled streets of Culross in the County of Fife.

According to the inscription of an ancient circular window set in an exterior wall, "Snuff Cottage" was built in 1673 by William Coustoun.

It must have been a snuffmaker's cottage, for the snuff-makers' motto is included in the inscription.

It runs, "Wha wad a' thoct it? That noses wad a' socht it? That money wad a' bocht it?"

In 1950 the exterior was patched, then the interior was reconstructed and modernised by Kenneth Thoms, A.R.I.B.A., a young Edinburgh architect.

The home is now owned by Mrs. Ellen R. Harper, M.A. On the ground floor are a small entrance hall, combined living and dining rooms, and kitchen.

Upstairs are two bedrooms, a bathroom, and an attic. In all rooms, cupboards, bookcases, and shelves have been built into the thick walls.

The main bedroom has pale peach walls, with curtains, bed-cover, and carpet in a deeper tone. Wardrobes are built into the recesses.

From the large picture windows can be seen the Firth of Forth bridge, eight miles away.

The guest room is decorated in soft green. Special shoe shelves are built into the wall beneath the main picture window.

Salmon-colored tiles cover the kitchen floor and walls and plastic curtains are in the same color.



LIVING-ROOM showing the open staircase made of hand-polished oregon. At the far end, a door painted kingfisher-blue leads to the kitchen. A hatch and two-way cupboard make easy work of food and table service.



EXTERIOR view of "Snuff Cottage," which was built in 1673. The stone walls are two feet thick. One end of the cottage was almost a ruin until it was rebuilt in 1950.

LARGE picture window replaces the tiny, old-fashioned one. The built-in desk and shelf are of hand-polished oregon. Little bric-a-brac is used.



If a shopkeeper
says . . .
"Sorry —
no Mortein"
don't
accept a
"substitute"!

Because of the tremendous demand for MORTEIN, storekeepers are sometimes temporarily "out of stock." You will find that most stores CAN supply. So — rather than accept a "substitute" for MORTEIN — go to another store nearby and buy the one insect spray for which there is NO real substitute.



Insist on

**Mortein
plus**

WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING
STICK TO IT!



WELL-51

Serve
that
Xmas Dinner

PIPING HOT
WITH THE
FAMOUS
CHEFMOBILE



Cook your meal in the cool of the morning, then serve it piping hot and delicious on pre-warmed plates, hours later! Fitted with fold-back lids, which can be used as a table for quick snacks. Built-in power points for Electric Jug, Percolator, etc.

Hawkins
ELECTRIC
CHEFMOBILE

OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN OF ALL!

← 24 Big Breakfasts in every large packet!



One third of
your daily food
needs here *



Pastrymaking— easy with KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

Want a quick-and-easy pie-shell that cuts cleanly, can't go tough, and has a wonderfully different flavour? Try this one—made with Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

- 4 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes;
- 1 cup melted butter or other shortening;
- 1 cup sugar;
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind or powdered cinnamon (optional).

Crush Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Mix with sugar, flavouring and melted shortening. Mould mixture evenly into a pie-dish or tart plate. Fill with any suitable filling and bake in moderate hot oven. Shell may be baked separately or thoroughly chilled without baking.

Only **KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES** give you that lively flavour—rustling crispness—deep down goodness

For honest-to-goodness value there isn't another breakfast cereal to touch Kellogg's Corn Flakes. So crisp they rustle out of the packet. So energy-loaded they speed you through 'til lunch. So mouth-watering they disappear like magic! And Mother! Remember—only 30 seconds to serve—and no pans and grillers to wash after Kellogg's Corn Flakes.



* proved by scientists

One plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you one third of your daily food needs.

Compare the cost
per serve with other foods

Look at what you pay for meat, fish, eggs and bacon these days! See how Kellogg's Corn Flakes save you money—every morning?



Kellogg's
MOTHER KNOWS A BEST!

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F2187.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make one-piece swimsuit. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/-.

Fashion PATTERNS

F2183.—Pretty summertime one-piece has a scooped neckline with white accent. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2184.—Full-skirted daytime dress styled with a simple short-sleeved bodice top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2185.—Smart knee-length beach coat. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2186.—Tailored playsuit with halter-top neckline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2188.—Sleeveless shirtwaist design with all-round skirt fullness. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney), and from the city depot, Stoddart's Building, 125a York St., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 337.—APRON

A pretty waist-apron with a self-ruffle trim. The material is organdie in blue, pink, green, and white. Size, medium. Price, 11/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

No. 335.—BABY'S LAYETTE

A five-piece layette includes carrying coat, dress, petticoat, nightgown, and pilchers. The garments are obtainable cut out ready to make. The lace edging is supplied. The material is white rayon crepe-de-chine for coat, dress, petticoat, and nightgown, and white flannelette for the pilchers. Sizes: Infants to 6 months. Price: Carrying coat, 19/9. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra. Dress, 18/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra. Petticoat, 13/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra. Nightgown, 19/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra. Pilchers, 6/9. Postage and registration, 7d. extra. Complete set 68/6. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

No. 336.—ONE-PIECE FROCK

An attractively styled dress for hot summer days. Obtainable cut out ready to make in printed summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes powder-blue, lime-green, cherry, yellow, and mid-brown, all printed with a white coin-spot. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 37/11, 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/9. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

Inner cleanliness keeps you

SPARKLING



You're "on your toes" when you start the day with a bracing glass of Andrews. Inner cleanliness is the very basis of good health, and Andrews acts in four ways to insure that your system is cleansed and invigorated.

FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT: Antacid in action, Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets.

THEN: Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY: Andrews gently clears the system and thus purifies the blood.

ANDREWS

¼ lb. Tin only 2/4



CE 16/1

"Enjoy all-over loveliness! Use the Big Bath Size LUX TOILET SOAP in your daily beauty bath!"

SAYS Ruth Roman

star of Warner Bros. Production "Strangers on a Train"



9 out of every 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap

LUX GIRLS ARE LOVELIER!

Coty Make-up Harmony is the secret of her loveliness

Colour problems are solved for her—and you—by Coty experts

There's no mystery about the art of make-up. There are simple, basic rules which you must observe, though. First, learn what colour harmony suits you best. Second, learn a simple routine of application. Third—and most important, too—never rush your make-up. The few minutes saved in slap-dash make-up are never worth it. Take your time; then you'll face the world poised, serene, lovely.

How to decide on your colour harmony. If you look at the chart below you'll see that it's all very straight-forward. These combinations have been very carefully worked out by Coty make-up experts—and you'll be delighted with the result if you choose your special harmony and follow it carefully. And do realise how very, very important it is to work to a plan. It makes all the difference in the world.



Foundation: Sub-Tint, Vibrant
"AirSpun" Face Powder: Vibrant
Rouge: Rose Mode
Lipstick: London Lilac
Eyeshadow: Violet

Hat by Miroslav McCrae
Suit by Frank Mitchell

★ Coty suggests these make-up shades to match costume colours:

Costume Colours	Sub-Tint FOUNDATION	"AirSpun" FACE POWDER	"AirSpun" or Cream ROUGE	"Creamy" or Valiant LIPSTICK
Black All Blues Pinks	VIBRANT	VIBRANT	ROSE MODE	LONDON LILAC
	a warm foundation base and face powder with soft cyclamen lipstick.			
All Greens	MEDIUM	GITANE	VIF	VIF
	a golden tan foundation and face powder and a bright red lipstick.			
Browns Yellows Gold	AZALEE	PACIFIC TAN	RED RIBBON	RED RIBBON
	a darker, warm foundation and powder for the summer with a true red lipstick.			
Reds Greys	AZALEE	CONTINENTALE	GITANE	GITANE
	medium pinky foundation and face powder and a medium red lipstick.			
EYE SHADOW	Hazel eyes: Blue, Green or Violet to match costume colour. Blue eyes: Blue, Silver Blue or Violet. Green or Brown eyes: Green or Silver Green.			



LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

"AIRSPUN" FACE POWDER, 7/11
"AIRSPUN" ROUGE, 5/11
"CREAM ROUGE", 5/11

A doctor writes about . . .

Some of my patients

How to get rid of dandruff . . .
foreign body in the eye

MY patient opposite was silent. She seemed nervous for a pretty young girl, I thought as I took out a new history card.

"Well, now," I asked, "what's been troubling you, Miss . . .?"

"Brooks," she supplied, and rushed on:

"I hope you don't think I'm foolish to bother you about dandruff—but that's what I've got—thick, horrible, scaly dandruff. It's so embarrassing, I hate going out."

"Go on," I said. It did her good to "out with it."

"When I'm dancing with a boy I get more and more depressed as I think of him gazing on to my head."

"At work I wear a black dress and I'm forever brushing it. I've got such a complex about it all that I can't enjoy myself any more. It's awful. Can I get rid of it?"

"I think so, Miss Brooks," I said, "if you carry out some simple treatment."

"See that your brush and comb are kept very clean. You could keep your comb in an antiseptic solution as much as possible. Don't use anyone else's comb. Dandruff is most infectious."

"I'll give you a script for a lotion containing salicylic acid and mercury. Rub this well into your scalp every night and wash your hair twice weekly with a soapless spirit shampoo."

"Thanks," she said, pocketing the script. "I hope you don't think me neurotic or something about this, but it's as bad as halitosis for a girl, really."

"I know," I said. "Don't apologise, and don't feel ashamed. It's thought that most people's scalps carry this fungus, but in some cases, as your own, a reaction to it sets up an irritation, causing the excessive, scaly flakes that make dandruff noticeable."

"The origin of dandruff is not known. Some people are never troubled by it, for some fortunate reason."

"I'm going to prescribe a tonic for you, too. Don't imagine it's a cure for dandruff, but you've been upset by this and a sedative tonic is always a helpful 'splint.' Anyhow, I think you'll benefit by taking it. Don't worry about it any more. Follow the treatment and forget about it."

"You'll soon learn to enjoy yourself again. Why don't you wear a white collar at work. Could you?"

"Why, yes, I hadn't thought of that," the girl said.

"And when you go dancing," I added, "until you're quite confident your head's clear again, why not wear one of those Romeo cap things for your Romeo to gaze down on, eh?"

"You mean Juliet cap," Miss Brooks corrected me, and giggled a little.

FRED WAINWRIGHT came into the surgery to-night, one hand covering an eye. "Night, Doctor," he said. "This eye is so sore I can't bear any light on it."

"What happened to it?" I asked.

"Something blew into it while I was waiting for my tram," he said.

"I think it might have been cigarette ash from a chap near me."

"You'll have to stand the light for a moment while I drop in a little local anaesthetic," I told him.

His eye was watering, angry-looking, and reddened. I examined it with a magnifying glass.

"You've got some foreign body on the cornea, Mr. Wainwright," I said. "The cornea is the most sensitive part of the eye. That's why it's so painful."

"It doesn't look as though

it's embedded. I think I can remove it with this," I said, applying a stick tipped slightly with moistened cotton-wool.

"There's your screaming morsel," I said, handing the stick to him to examine. "If you can see it! If it had been embedded in the cornea a little operation would have been slightly more involved. I'd have had to 'dig' it out with a fine needle."

"Thanks a lot," said Mr. Wainwright, preparing to leave.

"Wait on," I told him. "I'm not finished yet."

"I'm going to put in this drop of dye now, and if the cornea has been damaged this will show up as a green ring round the spot."

The dye showed up no damage.

"Now I'm going to bandage your eye," I said, "otherwise, as the local anaesthetic's still effective, you wouldn't feel any dust that might get in and cause more trouble."

As Mr. Wainwright weaved his head back and forth to help me tie the bandage around his head and eye I told him I'd prescribe some drops that I wanted him to use before going to bed that night.

"Come and see me to-morrow morning," I told him.

"Still wearing this little number?" he grinned.

"Yes, till I say so," I told him.

Sometimes a foreign body is not visible with a magnifying glass, and yet, if the patient has symptoms indicating that one is present, a specialist should be consulted.

A small piece of steel, for instance, may be deeply embedded. There is a most involved method of ascertaining the exact position of such a foreign body and when this has been done the steel may be removed with a magnet.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

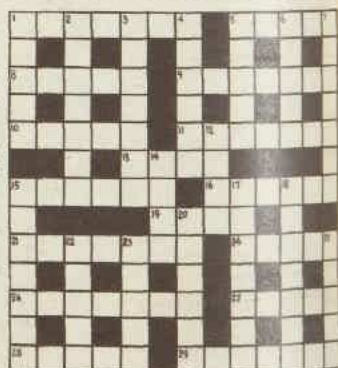
ACROSS

1. Father beats stately mansions (7).
2. Ornamental coronet formed by a rat and I (5).
3. Bring on oneself to worthless dog (5).
4. Loss of memory by troubled men in Asia (7).
5. Pits the mortine, but if to one is very bad odds (5).
6. Youngsters with lower jaws from Abraham's birth-place (7).
7. Old Gaelic in a mixed sex (4).
8. Croakily once about again (5).
9. Wanders about or mistakes (4).
10. Rome and rhyme of the crocodile (4).
11. React badly or originate (7).
12. Edward with short alternating current performed a play (5).
13. Lace pin (Anser. 7).
14. Permeate (5).
15. Fruits could be asked (5).
16. Food purveyor which can react and retreat (7).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution to last week's crossword.



DOWN

1. Portray father in tea (5).
2. Brief study in secular surroundings (7).
3. This officer could make a crooner (7).
4. Rank of a salub with you and me (6).
5. Heavy weight I see in this invigorating medicine (5).
6. Very donkey with sloth (5).
7. Collects morning goodrugs (7).
8. He in a whirl and glance with sky expression when turned (4).
9. Place of dissolution made 31 Nereid (4).
10. Run away from seed cap (7).
11. Spanish coin is tea for principal man (7).
12. Bore (6).
13. General Applause, but the best of it is hardly more than six (5).
14. When coming to the end your opponent may exclaim "You are talking" (5).
15. Gloomy, but would sit the great plate of an eloquent (5).

Join this happy family



What crisp little snacks they are, all golden-brown and lightly crunchy! Grown-ups like friendly "Tea-snacks" with a nice hot cup of tea...kiddies simply love them with a mug of creamy milk. In fact, everybody votes them "something special"! It's their captivating flavour, and that wonderful Peek Frean baking. Money-savers too: you get a positive small mountain to a pound!

Peek Frean's TEA SNACK

OTHER
HAPPY FAMILY
FAVOURITES BY

Peek Frean's

Bourn-Vita



You'll lose your heart to these brunettes...so beautifully baked and wonderfully enriched with Cadbury's chocolate-tasting Bourn-Vita.

about 94 to the pound

HONEY SNAPS



The bees are pleased to make honey for these...thin as a whisper, crisp as toffee. Do try some, they're just gay golden rounds of goodness!

about 72 to the pound

Wee Scottie



The most "biscuity" biscuit that ever was...with a truly wonderful texture. Full of farm-fresh goodness: you can taste rich milk, fresh eggs!

about 42 to the pound

PAT A CAKE



Delectably short and crunchy-sweet, and specially made as "good-for-the-children". But grown-ups like them, too—the men of the family particularly!

about 60 to the pound

First favourites for
delicious flavour
satisfying nourishment
and perfect baking

You need

NEW *Faster-Lathering* SUNLIGHT

to get table linen really clean



Table linen, like everything else in your wash, needs New Sunlight's extra washing power for those extra dirty spots. Just a touch of new, faster-lathering Sunlight loosens every speck of dirt! New Sunlight gives heaps and heaps of glorious lather . . . gets clothes really clean . . . "Sunlight-clean"!



New Sunlight's better-than-ever!

Now New Sunlight makes more lather—faster! Not thin skimpy lather but heaps and heaps of glorious thick lather! And New Sunlight has a new smoothness—no rough, ragged edges, no wasteful crumbly surfaces you'll find with ordinary bar soaps. And New Sunlight comes to you in two big easy-to-manage bars instead of three small ones.



As always New Sunlight is all-pure—your hands as well as your clothes will tell you so

GET CLOTHES MORE THAN SOAP AND WATER CLEAN—GET THEM *SUNLIGHT CLEAN!*

SU.171.WWFFg

Finnish children have their own hotels

This is the "Children's Century" in Finland. As well as schools, children have their own superbly equipped libraries, hotels, and play areas.

AN associate of the folk school department of the State Board of Education told me when I visited Helsinki recently that everything that can be done in a sparsely populated country for the physical and mental well-being of children is being done by the government and by private individuals.

Compulsory school attendance for a child commences at seven years of age and continues under expert supervision for eight years.

Special attention is now being given to the care and

development of infants and children of pre-school age.

Play schools and day nurseries abound. Nurseries, divided into sections according to the age of the children, are open as a rule for 12 hours a day and

By EVE GYE

admit children from three months to seven years old.

Kindergartens care for children from the ages of 4 to 7 and are open for a few hours each day seven days a week.

The first of a series of children's libraries, quite apart

from school libraries, has been opened at Lauritsala, in south-eastern Finland.

There are picture books for little ones, and older children have brightly illustrated stories to read.

The children's hotel provides accommodation for children when their mothers are ill or having another baby, work away from home, or just go away for a holiday.

The hotel I saw in Helsinki had accommodation for 30 children. It is situated in a brand-new building on Peace Street. Rooms are spacious and well equipped. Board and lodging per day costs about 12/6, and the children are looked after by a qualified matron and children's nurses.

The youngsters grow to love their hotel and very often cry when mothers come to claim them.

The supervised play areas are dotted about cities, towns, and villages and attached to apartment houses.



THE LIBRARY has soft blue walls decorated with amusing hunting scenes in which some of the hunters carry boomerangs. Curtains separating the sections are patterned with musical instruments. A striped fawn linoleum, highly polished, covers the floor.



PICTURE-BOOKS tell the story to tiny children in the children's library at Lauritsala, in south-eastern Finland. Children who have reached the reading stage enjoy brightly illustrated books which teach as well as entertain. The library, the first of many to be opened, is quite distinct from existing school libraries in Finland.



LUNCH at a children's hotel in Helsinki, Finland. Low circular tables and light, sturdy seats are of birchwood.



SELECTING BOOKS in a library. Children learn to respect simple rules of not to tear or damage books, and not to speak above a whisper.

ENJOY THE BEST . . .

Economical, Nourishing, Appetising . . .

ANDERSON'S
FAMOUS SMALLGOODS

★ In Anderson's Famous Smallgoods you get what you pay for—specially-selected country-killed meat from A. W. Anderson's own country meatworks—that's why they're so economical and nourishing. Remember, too, they're made from A. W. Anderson's own taste-tempting recipes—that's why they're so appetising.

ANDERSON'S LUNCHEON SAUSAGE

★ Contains the perfect combination of country-killed beef and pork. Smoked and seasoned to a tasty consistency. The popular choice for salad meals, cut lunches and party sandwiches.

ANDERSON'S BRAUN

★ Choice country-killed pig meat, with just the right seasoning, gives it a delicious flavour, appreciated by the most discriminating palate. Tasty for summer salads, or a luncheon or supper snack and sandwiches.

ANDERSON'S FRITZ

★ Is prepared from specially cured pork, country-killed. Well-seasoned and smoked to a turn, it's right for salads, sandwiches and party savouries.

ANDERSON'S HAM DELIGHT

★ A generous content of well-flavoured ham makes this a great favourite with all the family. Serve cold with salad or sandwich filling, or lightly grill or fry like bacon. A favourite

BUT
INSIST ON

ANDERSON'S
FAMOUS
SAUSAGES & SMALLGOODS

AND ACCEPT NO OTHERS

THEN YOU'LL BE

"Home on the Pig's Back!"



says Mrs. Soutar
[WHITE WINGS COOKING EXPERT]

[WHITE WINGS COOKING EXPERT]

For Christmas, for all the year round, there's no cake like home-made cake . . . especially when it's made with White Wings. It's the sure, pure, Cream of Tartar flour that gives natural goodness to everything you bake, from rich, full-bodied fruit cake to airy-fairy angel cake. Insist on White Wings.

1. White Wings is Entolefeted (a special scientific process that guarantees absolute purity) before being packaged.
2. White Wings is double-packaged and double-sealed, stays fresh and pure inside its sturdy inner package.

Mrs. Soufar will be pleased to help you with any cooking problems you may have. Call in and see her, or write, c/o White Wings Auditorium, 8th Floor, Marcus Clark's, Central Square, Sydney. Or phone M4101. Extension 27.

WHITE WINGS CHRISTMAS

- 1 lb. Butter • $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Brown Sugar • $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. White Sugar • 9 Eggs • 1 lb. Raisins • 2 lbs. Sultanas • $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Mixed Fruit • $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Drained Cherries • $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Dates • $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Currants • $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Blanched Almonds • 1 dessertsp. Preserved Ginger, finely chopped • 1 brandy or Sherry • 4 oss. White Wings • 4 tbsps. Self Raising Flour • 14 oss. Plain Flour • 4 tsp. Salt • 1 level tsp. each Spice, Cinnamon, Nutmeg • 1 tbsps. Golden Syrup.

Put the butter, sugar and eggs in a bowl and beat for 5 minutes. Pour over them the

Salt = 1 level tsp. each syrup.
• 1 tbsp. Golden Syrup.

METHOD: Prepare fruit and almonds. Pour over them the brandy or sherry and allow to stand 24 hours. Sift flour, salt and spices. Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add eggs one at a time. Beat beating well, then add golden syrup. Add flour and fruit alternately, a little at a time. Then mix continuously for at least 5 mins. to ensure a fine, even texture. Bake in a 10 inch round cake pan, lined with four thicknesses of brown paper and one of white, for about four hours. Preheat oven to moderately hot and cook at very moderate heat.

— Recipe for Mrs. Soutar's
— home-made cake recipe!

Write or phone for Mrs. Soutar's special CHRISTMAS PUDDING recipe!

**EXTRA FLAVOUR,
FIRMER SETTING
QUALITY**, in all
these flavours:

Orange • Lemon
• Lime • Cherry •
Californian Fruit
• Port Wine •
Raspberry • Straw
• Pineapple •

• 1 White Wings Lemon Jelly • 1 White Wings
Lime Jelly • 1 tsp. Gelatine • $\frac{1}{2}$ pint Milk.

METHOD: Make lime jelly according to directions and allow to set. Set lemon jelly, using only 1 pint of boiling water and adding 1 teaspoon gelatine. When cool, place in refrigerator until the "just setting" stage (a very thick liquid). Beat until quite creamy in colour, add 1 pint milk and beat till well blended. Rinse rabbit-shaped mould with cold water, pour in jelly, allow to set. Unmould with finger tips onto serving tray. Paint in eyes and legs with White Wings Caramel Colouring and inside ears and nose-tip with White Wings Rose Colouring, broken down with a little cold water. Chop lime jelly with knife fine and spoon it around rabbit to represent grass. Decorate as desired.

**CUT OUT — PASTE ON SPARE CARD —
KEEP IN RECIPE FILE**

RECIPE CARDS FREE
IN EVERY PACKET
to add to your Recipe File!

Get this beautiful plastic Recipe File from your grocer for only 1/2. Contains 100 delicious recipes, hundreds of useful household hints! Or write to "White Wings" Mills, Chipendale, N.S.W., and we'll send it post free!

A
Christmas Gift
your friends
will see
all the
year round!

WWJZ-FBCWW

WHITE WINGS PTY. LTD.
30-32 Meneager St., Chippendale, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 5, 1952

GLOVE CHIC

A pretty lace frill gives a glamor touch to plain fabric gloves.

HERE are the materials required and directions for making:

Materials: One pair of fabric gloves; 1 yd. 3 in. lace to match; millinery liquid stiffener or gum arabic solution.

TO MAKE

Cut off the cuff of each glove at the wrist, leaving in for a hem. Turn back and sew a fin. hem at the wrist edge.

Stiffen the lace with the liquid stiffener, using a small brush or a piece of cotton-wool, or soak in the gum-arabic solution and allow to dry. Cut the lace into two equal strips and join the pieces together, forming a circle.

Run a gathering thread round the straight edge of each lace strip and draw up to fit wrist of gloves. Oversew the lace trimming to the hem of the gloves.



SIMPLE but charming idea: Stiffen and gather a lace frill to the wrist of fabric gloves. It costs a trifle.

Child's socks

THE fancy rib top gives a snug fit to these hand-knit cotton socks.

Materials: One ball of Alexander's knitting cotton, No. 8; a set of four No. 12 sock needles.

Size and Tension: Worked at a tension of 9½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in. in stocking-stitch, the socks will fit an average child's foot of 8½ to 9 in. length. The length of foot is as required.

Abbreviations: St., stitch(es); k., knit; p., purl; s., slip; tog., together; dec., decrease; inc., increase; m. 1, make 1 st.

Cast 20 st. on both 1st and 2nd needles and 16 st. on 3rd needle—36 st. in round.

1st and 2nd Rounds: (K 2, p 2) 16 times.

3rd Round: (Pass over next s., k next st., but do not a st. off needle, k passed-over st. and s both knitted st. off pin, p 2) 14 times. Repeat these 3 rounds 2 more times, then rep. 1st and 2nd rounds.



Next Round: (K 12, dec.) 4 times.

Work 25 rounds of k 1, p 1 ribbing on 32 st. Turn work inside out and now proceed round in opposite direction.

Next Round: (K 11, dec.) 4 times (48 st.).

1st Pattern Round: K 16, (k 2 tog., m 1, k 2) 4 times, k 16.

2nd Pattern Round: K 16, (k 2, m 1, k 2 tog.) 4 times, k 16. Repeat these 2 rounds 3 times more.

THE HEEL

K 13, arrange next 22 st. on two needles, and a last 13 st. of round on end of same needle as first 13 st.

Work 23 rows of stocking-

COOL TO WEAR and easy to launder, these socks will fit a 7-40-8-year-old.

st. on these 26 st. and s the 1st st. of each row.

Next Row: S 1, k 14, k 2 tog. in backs of st., k 1, turn.

Next Row: S 1, p 5, p 2 tog., p 1, turn.

Next Row: S 1, k 6, k 2 tog. in backs of st., k 1, turn.

Continue in each row to work 1 st. more before the dec. in this way, work 1 st. after dec. and turn. When the last p. row is worked there should be 16 st. left.

Place the 22 st. on one needle.

1st Instep Round: K the first 8 heel st. With another needle k the second 8 heel st., and with this needle pick up and k 12 st. along side of heel flap for 1st needle of round. For second needle, k 3, (k 2 tog., m 1, k 2) 4 times, k 3, as 1st pattern round. With third needle, pick up and k 12 st. along other side of heel flap, then k the first 8 heel st.

2nd Instep Round: 1st needle, k until 3 st. remain, dec., k 1; 2nd needle, k 3, (k 2, m 1, k 2 tog.) 4 times, k 3; 3rd needle, k 1, k 2 tog. in backs of st., k to end.

3rd Round: 1st needle, k; 2nd needle, pattern; 3rd needle, k.

4th Round: As 2nd round.

Continue to dec. in alternate rounds at end of first and beginning of third needle until there are 13 st. both on 1st and 3rd needles. The pattern is worked on 2nd needle.

Now work without further dec. on the remaining 48 st. until the foot is 14 inches less than required length, and work the 2nd needle in pattern, finishing with a 2nd pattern round.

THE TOE

Next Round: 1st needle, k; 2nd needle, inc. in 6th, 10th, 14th, and 18th st.; 3rd needle, k. (52 st.)

1st Round: 1st needle, k until 3 st. remain, dec., k 1; 2nd needle, k 1, k 2 tog. in backs of st., k until 3 st. remain, dec., k 1; 3rd needle, k 1, k 2 tog. in backs of st., k to end.

2nd Round: K.

Repeat these 2 rounds until there are 24 st. in round. K the st. of 1st needle on to 3rd needle. Either graft together the two sets of 12 st. or cast them off in pairs to make seam. Work second sock.

QUICKER · EASIER · CLEANER TO USE

BLUO

the New

LIQUID BLUE

MAKES WHITES
WHITER EACH
WASH

- ★ No more streaks
- ★ No more sediment
- ★ No messy bags



Just a teaspoon of Bluo to a tubful of water. It's today's easiest

way to keep whites at their whitest. All American house-

wives use only LIQUID blue. A bottle of Bluo

brings you enough for 20 WASHINGS!

BLUO IS PERFECT
FOR ALL WASHING MACHINES



Because it dissolves instantly... without risk of stain or sediment... Bluo is recommended for any type of washing machine. If yours is a "mech-

anised" laundry, see how much whiter a few drops of Bluo will make all your whites.

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Makers of STEELO, QUEEN BEES WAX, TRUMP LIQUID WAX POLISH, and WAXA, the 20-minute car shine. If you have difficulty in obtaining BLUO write for address of your nearest supplier.



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KELVINATOR has led the world in domestic refrigeration since 1914

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KELVINATOR'S exclusive POLAR-SHIELD insulating unit gives more efficient refrigeration with greater economy.

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Because

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Save Money!

*This bottle makes more than
2 dozen
brimming glasses
of Mynor Fruit Cup!*



*... it
costs you less than
2d. a glass*



MOTHERS! Here's the most healthy drink you can give those thirsty children of yours! Pure, delicious Mynor, rich in all those essential vitamins A, B, C and D contained in the fresh juices of oranges, lemons, pineapples and passionfruit. And, just imagine what these would cost you to buy at present-day prices! Pour a little Mynor Fruit Cup into a glass, fill it with pure, wholesome water, and let the children drink as much as they want. Just think . . . all this costs less than 2d. a glass!

MYNOR FRUIT CUP

P.S. 2d. refund on undamaged Mynor bottles returned to your supplier in Sydney metropolitan area.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 5, 1952

Glamour stars keep busy....



ALEXIS SMITH (above) looks the part of the rich socialite whom she portrays in "Turning Point." Anxious to achieve something worthwhile, Alexis joins with William Holden in a racket clean-up in their new film.

Adventure, action, and antics provide bright and serious entertainment in three new Paramount pictures. "Thunder in the East" takes Deborah Kerr to India, Alexis Smith is a social crusader in "Turning Point," and little Mona Freeman copes with parachutists Martin and Lewis in "Jumping Jacks."

MONA FREEMAN (below) appears as the ungand-dance partner of Jerry Lewis in the Martin-Lewis comedy "Jumping Jacks." On this occasion Lewis is instilled into a Parachute Corps by Martin. They almost ground the Air Force.



DEBORAH KERR stars in "Thunder in the East" with Ann Ladd and Charles Boyer.

Double Enchantment!



Radiant Loveliness . . . Bewitching Fragrance . . .

Your very first make-up with heavenly Gemey Face Powder will prove how lovely you can look. Gemey Face Powder imparts a double enchantment . . . a precious veil of youthful radiance . . . the fragrant sophistication of famous Gemey perfume.



Silk-sifted Gemey is created for all skin types. Its super-fineness subtly conceals tiny complexion blemishes . . . stays radiantly perfect long after other powders have wilted or streaked. Choose from seven fashion-perfect shades. 6/-

To complete your enchantment . . . exquisite Gemey Talc! Soft, lovely, lingering fragrance to harmonise with your Gemey Face Powder. Use it freely as a gracious beginning to your daily grooming. 3/11



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Silk Sifted
face powder and talc

Creations of **Richard Hudnut**

New York • London • Paris • Sydney



Easier Teething

Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders are invaluable during teething, when inflamed and aching gums make your baby fretful and feverish. They ease distress, reduce high temperature, and soothe into restful sleep.

Insist on being supplied with

Ashton & Parsons
Infants' Powders

They contain
no Calomel
or other
Mercury
Compounds.

KITCHEN DANGERS IN YOUR HOME

Your kitchen may be a breeding ground for germs. Unless you take special precautions to protect tepid food, microbes multiply rapidly in it. Meat, poultry, fish, and vegetables for home bottling should be dried, salted, and cooked in a pressure cooker. Additional precautions are listed in a special feature, "Killer in the Kitchen," in the new November issue of A.M. Make sure of your copy.

Comedy is child's play to former actor

From **BILL STRUTTON**, in London

One of the first discoveries in a big, new British drive to find talent for their films is an Australian—Don Sharpe.

He is a good-looking former actor, Hobart-born, who came to England four years ago to try his luck.

THE enterprising way he went about this has won him the chance to make his name in British films not as an actor but as a writer and future producer.

He earned this chance in a courageous way. He and two actor friends decided to make their own film to show what they could do.

They scraped enough capital together to make a film called "Ha'penny Breeze." They sold their own shares in it to keep the cameras rolling and the actors acting. Don Sharpe co-produced and starred in it.

Though it was made on a shoestring, it made the critics and the film world sit up. It was booked to run in one of Britain's biggest cinema networks.

Don Sharpe wound up as penniless as when he began. But "Ha'penny Breeze" launched him on a film career.

The British Government is behind a new film company called, simply, "Group Three," with the idea of searching out new actors, writers, directors, producers, and giving them the opportunity to take part in making top-feature films.

The quality of the films made by these talented newcomers has already attracted attention. Only last week Group Three's "The Brave Don't Cry" won top notices.

Now they have discovered Australian Don Sharpe as a writer. Group Three fell with glee on a script he offered them—a comedy called "Child's Play."

They are now in the full

flux of making this. One of the first actresses they cast for a leading role was another Australian discovery—Dorothy Alison.

Don Sharpe himself made a cunning deal with Group Three over selling this script. He told me, smiling, "I wangled myself a job as assistant producer on the film—to learn about it."

"They put us to work with a few selected film veterans who know their job. The young director who made their last film, 'The Brave Don't Cry,' has already had offers of the kind you dream about from the big British film companies."

"His name is Philip Leacock, and he has gone straight on to London Films to direct an air epic, 'Appointment in London,' for them—at a much fatter salary than he had before."

"Group Three have also accepted another script of mine, which they will make into a film called, tentatively, 'The Norfolk Story,'" Don Sharpe said.

"They're letting me collaborate on adapting the screenplay. And I have two other ideas I'm working on right now which I hope will go down well."

"The girl who is directing this film—one of the few girl directors in the world—is a New Zealander, Margaret Thomson, who has earned herself a reputation in documentary films—particularly for her handling of children."

And children are the real stars of Sharpe's "Child's Play." It is a comedy with a strong vein of satire about a bunch of precocious youngsters, led by a spectacled child "professor," who discover the secret of using atomic energy—to make popcorn.

Group Three's studio at Southall is festooned with weird, makeshift apparatus,



ON LOCATION in Oxfordshire, the unit of "Child's Play" squats for a picnic lunch. In left foreground is Australian Don Sharpe, who wrote the film, has had another script accepted, and wangled himself a job as an assistant producer to learn the film business thoroughly. At the right is Margaret Thomson, brilliant New Zealand documentary director.

reminiscent of the wilder inventions of Heath Robinson.

In the picture the children use this apparatus to make atomic popcorn, with which they flood the British market.

The film was inspired by the "atomic" sets now on sale to children in America, and pokes gentle fun at all the abracadabra surrounding the world of atomic science in America and Britain.

Australian actress Dorothy Alison is delighted with her role. "The script is terrific," she said. "It's one of the best I've read for a long time."

The man behind the new

talent-finding department of the British film world is John Grierson, the most celebrated name in the whole world of documentary film-making.

Grierson, a hard-bitten, greying, spectacled Scot, said: "When I was out in Australia a few years ago, the big complaint I found among my fellows in the backblocks was that British films were inclined to be a bit waxy."

"They won't be able to make that complaint about Group Three's films. With the art people we're bringing in from everywhere, we're going to give you the works!"

★ As I read the stars ★ ★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Surprise news or a brain-wave may challenge you to quick action November 6. Detour if obstacles are in your path. On November 7 several roads lead to your goal.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): A little tiff with one you love? Passing showers bring a rainbow, so don't take any troubles of November 4 too seriously. November 8 is ace-high for the oldsters.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): You can accomplish much November 5 provided you don't tread on the toes of others. November 8 stars favor change, pleasure, travel, outings, and sport.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Push your affairs, personal, social, or financial, November 6, when that extra ounce of luck could make all the difference. November 9 probably dull.

LEO (July 23-August 22): If you're looking for a new home, November 6 provides a thrill. If the old must do, try shifting the furniture. Unwelcome visitors may be inconvenient November 9.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Tempted to kick up your heels November 7, particularly against opposition? So long as your cause is just this could work out better than you hoped, turning November 8 into a triumph.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Business arrangements made on Tuesday are certain to have drawbacks, but if you're buying, selling, or seeking a job, you can't go wrong November 10.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Little ripples of excitement running up and down that Scorpion spine! The week climaxes November 10, when hopes are fulfilled.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 22): Some recognition of past efforts in business matters may come when you least expect it November 7, but don't gamble November 8.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): If you're in love with a person or an idea, watch November 5 for developments. November 7, look, and listen. November 10 you're on top of the world.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If November 7 turns your world upside down, don't worry; it's all for the best. You'll see, November 10, you've gained more than you lost.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A lucky strike November 5, news from a distant, or prospective travel, should buoy you up. Any little pill on November 7 could be the result of envy.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]



SYDNEY ACTRESS Dorothy Alison plays a leading role in "Child's Play," a satirical comedy written by Australian Don Sharpe. Gift of an atomic set from America starts the fun. In this scene from the film Dorothy shows her film children the present.

Big, thirsty, beautiful

"DRI-GLO"

TOWELS!

Double warp for Double Wear

Dri-Glo towels can take it—they're ideal for tough family wear. Measure them up—they're always true-to-size. Thicker, more absorbent, more beautiful—yet the prices are kept at rock bottom. You won't find towel value to touch Dri-Glo. Stripes, checks, pastels, jacquards—and look for the new Fifth Avenue Side-Stripe towel.



*Dri-Glo prices
are unbeatable
every time*

"I'LL BE ALONG IN A
FEW MONTHS MUMMY—
BETTER LAY-BY PLENTY
OF DRI-GLO NAPS"



Nowadays, besides being the softest, most cushiony, most absorbent naps a baby ever had, our Dri-Glo naps come in two weights.

The regular weight and also a special lightweight nap for quick drying in wet weather.

They're both woven in 100% hygienic bleached cotton with that extra-strong double warp and the special non-fray edge for extra wear!

DRI-GLO NAPS

Dri-Glo also makes nursery towels for Baby



Multi-colored

Seasons of gay beach life
in every Dri-Glo, too!

Thick stripes

Checks

Thicker—wonderfully absorbent! Guaranteed fast—they're wonderful for gifts!



Four generations..

... an experience worth telling, says
Mrs. A. BLAKE, Brisbane great-grandmother

Mrs. A. Blake, of Redfern St., off Ipswich Rd., South Brisbane, has written to us as follows:

Messrs. Nicholas Pty. Ltd., Melbourne,

Lately I have noticed that several 'Aspro' users of long-standing have been giving you their experiences. This has led me to ask that you let me give my experience too, because it is worth telling, in my opinion.

First of all, I am a great-grandmother and have seen a lot of family life. One of my troubles, all along, has been a very severe kind of headache which comes nearly every day. Sometimes I get

so ill with it that I cannot get out of bed until a dose of three 'Aspro' tablets have taken effect. All down the years I have always taken 'Aspro,' except for a short time when I gave powders a try but they were not nearly as good.

Both my daughter and grand-daughter are great believers in your product and my grand-daughter has even used 'Aspro' in small doses for her infant during teething with very good results. As you see we can claim to be four generations of 'Aspro' users.

I am grateful to 'Aspro' for all it has done for me.

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) A. BLAKE

One very interesting item in Mrs. Blake's letter is her reference to **HEADACHES**

Mrs. Blake, in referring to her headache, says that she cannot get out of bed until a dose of three 'ASPRO' tablets has taken effect. This is an excellent, first-hand piece of evidence on one of the leading features of 'ASPRO' — the fact that the removal of a headache is accompanied by a feeling of well-being and confidence — a quick return to one's real self. There is no dizziness, no hazy feeling, no 'slowing up,' no harmful after-effects whatever. The action of 'ASPRO' is a SOOTHING one, bringing calmness and composure.

How frequently any headache or pain reliever should be taken is a matter of individual needs, but you may rest assured 'ASPRO' tablets can be taken as often as necessary without fear of harm to the heart. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' tablets DO NOT create a habit.

'ASPRO' — Swift, Certain, Safe for:—

COLDS & FLU
HEADACHES
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SLEEPLESSNESS
MUSCULAR PAINS
LUMBAGO
FIBROSITIS

SCIATICA
PERIODIC PAINS
IRRITABILITY
"MORNINGS AFTER"
ALL NERVE PAINS

'ASPRO' Does What it Claims!

Nicholas Product



SUPERVISORS Steve (Robert Mitchum) and John (William Talman) insist Linda (Ann Blyth) leave Korea.



2 WOUNDED in bitter fighting, Steve is badly hurt. John and an army friend, centre, rush to him. John flies Steve to hospital in Japan.



3 CONVALESCENT Steve is visited by Linda. They fall in love, but Steve hesitates to propose, feeling it is unfair to subject Linda to rigorous and worrying army life.



FRIENDLINESS of happy Parkers changes Steve's views on army marriages. Linda goes to frontline hospital when Steve returns to Korea.



PATHETIC flight of refugees shocks Linda, and she upbraids Steve. Linda is unaware that the images are disguised enemies.

ONE MINUTE TO ZERO

★ R.K.O.'s war drama "One Minute to Zero" tells the story of the first 90 days of the Korean War.

The film is the first on this topical subject to be made with the official co-operation of the U.S. Army and Air Force. It is a fictional story told against a factual background.

Contrasting with stark realism of battle scenes is the romance between army colonel Robert Mitchum and U.N. worker Ann Blyth.



5 SANCTUARY with U.N. friends saves Linda when Red guerrillas invade hospital. Linda is led to safety by a Korean boy. She joins Steve.



7 RECONCILIATION takes place when Linda learns truth. They decide to marry. Steve's unit is assigned to cut off enemy convoys.



8 MISSION is a success and convoys are destroyed, but John is killed in action. Reinforcements arrive in time to save Steve's isolated unit.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL—★ "Five Graves to Cairo," wartime drama, starring Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter. Plus "Forest Rangers," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard. (Both re-releases.)
CENTURY—★ "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie," technicolor drama, starring Jean Peters, David Wayne, Hugh Marlowe. Plus featurettes.
CIVIC—★ "Sands of Iwo Jima," wartime drama, starring John Wayne, John Agar. Plus "Blonde Bandit," thriller, starring Dorothy Patrick. (Both re-releases.)
EMBASSY—★ "The Sound Barrier," aircraft drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.
LIBERTY—★ "Lovely to Look At," technicolor musical, starring Red Skelton, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.
LYCEUM—★ "Francis Goes to West Point," comedy, starring Donald O'Connor, Lori Nelson. Plus "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?," technicolor comedy, starring Charles Coburn, Piper Laurie.
LYRIC—★ "Three Came Home," wartime drama, starring Claudette Colbert, Patrick Knowles. Plus "Swanee River," technicolor musical. (Both re-releases.)
MAYFAIR—★ "Lydia Bailey," technicolor drama, starring Anne Francis, Dale Robertson. Plus "Red Planet Mars," pseudo-scientific drama, starring Andrea King.
PALACE—★ "The Green Glove," suspense drama, starring Glenn Ford, Geraldine Brooks, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Plus "Up in Mabel's Room." (Re-release.)
PARK—★ "San Francisco Story," period adventure, starring Joel McCrea, Yvonne de Carlo. Plus "High

Conquest," adventure, starring Gilbert Roland. (Re-release.)
PLAZA—★ "High Noon," Western, starring Gary Cooper, Lloyd Bridges, Katy Jurado. Plus "One Big Affair," comedy, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Evelyn Keyes.
PRINCE EDWARD—★ "Carrie," period social drama, starring Sir Laurence Olivier, Jennifer Jones. Plus featurettes.
REGENT—★ "Dreamboat," romantic comedy, starring Clifton Webb, Ginger Rogers. Plus "The Narrow Margin," thriller, starring Charles McGraw.
SAVOY—★ "Pagliacci," Italian film opera, starring Tito Gobbi, Alfio Poli. Plus "Storm in a Teacup," comedy, starring Rex Harrison, Vivien Leigh. (Re-release.)
STATE—★ "Ten Tall Men," technicolor adventure, starring Burt Lancaster, Gilbert Roland, Michael Pate. Plus "Home to Danger," thriller, starring Guy Rolfe.
VICTORY—★ "The Dark Page," thriller, starring Broderick Crawford, John Derek, Donna Reed. Plus "Texas Ranger," Western, starring George Montgomery.

Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE—★ "Return of the Texan," drama, starring Dale Robertson, Joanne Dru. Plus "Fighting Back," domestic drama, starring Jean Rogers. (Re-release.)
ST. JAMES—★ "Target for Scandal," comedy-drama, starring Van Johnson, Patricia Neal. Plus "Just This Once," comedy, starring Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh.
VARIETY—★ "Crosswinds," technicolor adventure, starring Rhonda Fleming, John Payne. Plus "Monkey Business," Marx Brothers' comedy. (Re-release.)

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN REGULATIONS

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN REGULATIONS

(2) In the case of a liquid preparation,

VICTORIAN FOOD AND DRUG REGULATIONS
 'Avoid repeated skin contact. Do not spray on food or food utensils. Wash hands after using'.

QUEENSLAND INSECTICIDES REGULATIONS

Provided that where any insecticide contains dichlorodiphenyl-trichloroethane (DDT) or gamma-hexachlorocyclohexane (666) the label shall contain in addition the following statement printed in red letters:—

CAUTION

Keep away from cooking and eating utensils and avoid contact with foodstuffs.

HEALTH DEPARTMENTS WARN ON D.D.T. SPRAYS

Most Australian State Health Departments have gazetted Regulations requiring a statement printed on each D.D.T. Insect Spray Label warning against the use of the Spray in the vicinity of food and cooking and eating utensils or where contamination of the skin is likely.

The new activated non-poisonous **MORTEIN PLUS** does not contain D.D.T. and can be sprayed under any conditions with complete safety. Mortein Plus contains powerful, proven, safe Pyrethrum—Pyrethrum rendered many times more powerful by the new synergist Piperonyl Butoxide. These two ingredients make **MORTEIN PLUS** the fastest killing insect spray known to science.

The new activated **MORTEIN PLUS** is not only unbelievably effective against flies, mosquitoes and all insect pests, but it is completely harmless to humans and warm-blooded animals.

INSIST ON THE
**NEW ACTIVATED
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DON'T BE HALF SAFE



IT'S EASY TO BE SURE

NEW ... Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration 1 to 3 Days

1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
2. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
3. Removes odour from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
4. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.

DON'T BE HALF-SAFE. BE ARRID-SAFE. USE ARRID—TO BE SURE!



ARRID

Add 'zing' and 'zest' to cold dishes



GIVE THEM THAT MAGIC TOUCH THAT MAKES ANY SALAD *Super!*



serve with one of these famous *chef-blended* sauces

Add a dash of any one of these five famous PMU sauces to your cold meat dishes... and see what a marvellous difference it makes! Each one expertly chef-blended to an original recipe... and made from fine, imported herbs and spices! Each one a zestful, appetising delight that costs only a fraction of a penny per meal! From good grocers everywhere.



Pick-me-up

NOW-A COMPLETE RANGE OF FINE FOODS



If you've enjoyed PMU's famous Worcestershire Sauce you'll also appreciate the spicy flavour and tangy taste of PMU Fruit Chutney and PMU Sweet Indian Chutney! Ask also for PMU Processed Peas! And remember—PMU Lemon Butter makes the perfect sandwich spread for kiddies' lunches!

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are victims of memory-destroying water.
LORO, Ruler of Lethe, rescues PRINCESS NARDA: And explains that he invented the water as a means of revenge on the people of Lethe for exiling him. Peril Road made the way out of Lethe impassable. Loro tells Narda that he spared her because he wants a Queen. Horrified, she appeals to Mandrake and Lothar for help. NOW READ ON:



NIGHT, IN THE PALACE OF LORD OF LETHE, NARDA REMOVES THE SACKS OF SECRET POWDER THAT CAUSE FORGETFULNESS-- AND HIDES THEM IN THE CELLAR-- THEN REFILLS THE SECRET POWDER ROOM WITH SACKS OF ORDINARY SALT!

PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Famous lawyer Perry Mason is consulted by Dr. Early, owner of Experiments Inc., about a new company to manufacture his latest invention. Roy Adger plans to steal blueprints of the invention and begins his scheme to frame Sally Dale. Imitating Dr. Early's voice, he phones Sally and asks her to pick up some plans from the office safe. Suspicious, Paul Drake sees Sally enter the office.



A godsend to us...

bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again with new energy



If you are suffering, this letter will interest you

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and, I am thankful to say, she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles, but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment acts



In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and rid yourself of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give yourself a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood



Get quick relief from
backache
rheumatism
sciatica
lumbago
headaches
dizziness

Free Diet Chart
Send a stamped addressed envelope to
British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Menthoids Diet Chart.



*Often
buttered
never
bettered*

*But-try
them by
themselves*

only
Arnott's
make
Sao (REGD.)* Biscuits

* The name "SAO," registered by William Arnott Pty. Ltd. in 1906, is now a household word for crisp cream cracker biscuits throughout Australia and beyond.
There is no Substitute for Quality